THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MY LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY L. A. WOODSON.

Pure as the dew from fragrant flowers depending;
Soft as the light that beams within thine eyes;
Chaste as the prayers from infant lips ascending,
But hopeless as the dying captive's sighs.

Timid as fawn through lonely forests bounding,
Strong as the hills—defying change and time;
Sweet to my soul as distant music sounding,
In mellowed cadence, from an Eastern clime.

Queen of my soul! Wilt thou my love, not scorning,
Smile kindly on me when we chance to meet?
'Twill chase the cloud from off my life's dark morning,
And make thee seem, if that could be, more sweet.

Sadly, to me, the moments glide without thee,
Cheerless the sunshine when I see thee not,
Radiance and beauty hover all about thee,
Mary! Mavourneen! thou canst not be forgot.

No, deep within my heart of hearts, forever,
Thy lovely image shall my homage claim.
Not death itself my soul from thee shall sever,
For, even then, I'll syllable thy name.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

If doublet and hose do make a man,
Then this is a he, deny who can.

One day, soon after breakfast, a sealed note was brought in to Helen. It had been left at the door, and read as follows—though the writing was not remarkably legible:—

Private.—Will Miss Hilen plaze come and see me this morning? FANNY.

Helen knew where her washerwoman lived, having been there once when she engaged her services. There was no reason why she should not go, and making an excuse of some necessary shopping, which she could do on the way, she arrayed herself and started forth.

Mrs. Malone, the washerwoman, lived in South street, the southern line of the city—not far from the theatre, which had been located just outside of the city limits, on account of its being prohibited by the very good and somewhat narrow-minded people of that day, as an ungodly and wicked institution.

When Helen arrived at Mrs. Malone's, she found that lady—a very honest and decent woman by the way—hanging out some clothes to dry in the yard attached to the dwelling; and, upon asking if a young woman by the name of Fanny, boarded with her, was, with a smile, politely requested to walk into the house, where she would find her.

But, upon entering, much to Helen's surprise, the only occupant of the room was a young man, who started up briskly and came towards her.

"I wished to see a young woman by the name of Fanny," said Helen.

"I thought your leddyship said you would know me agin when you saw me," replied a voice which Helen immediately recognized.

"Why, Fanny, is this indeed you?" exclaimed Helen, gazing at the figure in astonishment.

"The very same, may it please your leddyship. You see," added he—or she—smiling, "I am Captain Francis Malone now—and perhaps it would come aisier to you to call me Captain."

"But you certainly are a man," said Helen, looking at the Captain dubiously. And surely nineteen persons out of twenty would have come at once to the same conclusion. Not taller than Helen herself, but lithe, elastic, muscular—clothed in a homespun coat and breeches, such as were commonly worn by the poorer classes at that day, with the hair combed back, and tied with eelskin into a long queue—Captain Fanny really presented the appearance of quite a bright-looking and well-made young man.

"I think, my leddy, I am pretty well got up," said the Captain. "I have padded out my shoulders you see, and tied up my hair; and, were it not for my voice, I think I might be called a pretty decent young fellow."

"Yes, your voice is rather feminine," rejoined Helen doubtfully—"and still I think I have heard men whose voices were no more masculine than yours is."

"I'm delighted to hear it," exclaimed the Captain—"the voice is my only wake place."

"Have you been to New York?"

"Yes—and got there and back safely as usual. He is looking splendid"—with a passing attempt at a sigh, which did not suit the present attire as well as the female one. "Half the young gals in New York are dead in love with him, his sarvant told me."

Helen laughed. "Did you bring anything for me?"

"Yes, your leddyship—I have a letter in my little steel safety box up stairs. Will you walk up—it's more private there?"

Helen glanced at the masculine-looking figure. "No, I think not. Bring it down here—these windows are curtained, I see."

"Yes—and my auntie 'll give us notice of any one's coming. I will bring it down to your leddyship."

The Captain soon reappeared with a small roll, which Helen concealed in a little pocket she had made in the bosom of her dress. "I will read it at home, and bring you my answer as soon as possible," said she, preparing to depart.

"One word before you go, Miss Hilen. "I don't know whether the Major speaks of a little project—"

"The Major?"

"Bliss your soul, and you had not heard it? Mr. Andry's been promoted—and I'll warrant you he'll not stay long a Major even—why, he's Sir Henry's righthand man. Iverybody says that."

"That is good news," said Helen quietly—but her eyes shone with an added lustre.

Another step upwards had been taken.

"But I interrupted you."

"I was goin' to say, that perhaps the Major has not told you in the letter, of a little plan that's on foot. We're going to try to bag the rebel Chafe," said the captain in a whisper, as if the very walls might carry the news abroad.

"What, Washington?"

"Yes," said he, in the same cautious tone. "When the great Ball comes off. It's to be at Bush Hill, you know, and they say he'll be there. There's a dozen of us engaged. Half are to be sarvints—the other half outside with the horses. We would push for the head of Chesapeake, where there'll be a vessel waiting. All is fixed but one thing."

"What is that?" queried Helen, almost breathless with the boldness of the proposed exploit.

"All depinds upon his going out into the gardin, away from the house. We want some lady to help us—and you are the best one we can think of."

"I!" replied Helen. "How could I help you, even if I would?"

"You are the handsomest, and the most bewitchin', and the most captivatin' leddy in the city," said the Captain, in his most insinuating voice. "Iverybody says that."

"I am not acquainted with General Washington," replied Helen, coldly, and rather haughtily.

"But you could git an introduction to him."

"Doubtful. And I would not care to, for such a purpose."

"Thin, it must all be given up—and the war must go on—and the ribels perhaps beat us after all. That one nate stroke might save thousands of poor fellows' lives!" exclaimed Captain Fanny, pathetically.

Helen thought a moment. Perhaps there was something in her lover's letter about this.

"Tell those that are planning this desperate scheme, that I will think it over, and give them my answer in a few days. If they can find, however, some other lady to aid them, I should greatly prefer it."

"I am sartin, my leddy, that when you come to think of it, you will help us," said the Captain. "The Ginral shall not be hurt at all at all, no more than Ginral Lee was, or Ginral Prescott. And it 'll end the war. And you'll do it all, my leddy."

Helen left the house, walking up the street as if in a brown study, and the Captain went up to his room. "She will do it, I'm sure, if the Major tills her to," said he musingly. "An' it's a splindid stroke—even better than that plan I got up with the ribels to carry off Sir Hinry—and which they gave up, because they were fearsome they'd git a worse man in his place. But it 'll stop the war, sure. And I'm almost timpted to blow on them. That would spile my business so. I would if the Major was not in it. But you must stick up for your friends, Captain—and, besides, I swore to be true to the Major, on this pretty cross"—and the Captain took out the cross from his bosom, and kissed it devoutly. "But it 'll be great fun. That Ball will be worse than a cannon-ball, if it carries off Washington. But they must not hurt him,—for he's every inch of him, and he's over six feet, a true gintleman."

And in this way Captain Malone considered the subject of the proposed abduction, pro and con, from his point of view; which was different probably from the point of view of any other man or woman in the country.

CHAPTER IX.

O noble errors! how ye gem the dark,
And show that even in hell a God is there!

When Helen found herself once more in the privacy of her own room, and secured from intrusion by the locking of the door, she took out her lover's letter. She was very anxious to see the business portion of its contents, and yet, woman-like, she perused again and again the many endearing expressions with which it opened, and then glanced over to the close, to see with what sweet words it ended, before entering upon a continuous perusal. We need not quote the letter entire, but shall simply give a brief summary of the, to us, more important contents.

André thanked her, in the name of his General, for the important aid she had afforded them thus far in the matter of "Vasa." A note addressed to Gustavus, and signed John Anderson, was also inclosed, to be placed in "Vasa's" hands, with a request for a reply through the same channel. Then the plan of abduction at the coming ball was referred to, and shown to be feasible, if the General could only be found strolling in some distant part of the grounds. Helen was not asked to take a direct part in the affair, but it was suggested that if some loyal lady would persuade the American Commander into a promenade in the garden, during the latter part of the festivities, she would aid in the most important manner the loyal cause, and be entitled to the warmest thanks of the King and nation. As to the effect of such a capture, it could hardly be over-estimated. No man could take Washington's place. Even if the loss of his military talents could be supplied, the loss of his high and disinterested character could not be. And strict orders should be given that he was not to be injured in any event. Neither should he be punished in any way for his share in the rebellion. The King was ready to grant a complete Amnesty at the first decisive moment—and the Americans should have all they wanted, except Independence. They should have a Viceroy; and if Washington would be that Viceroy, he should be made Duke of Mount Vernon, and installed at once. It therefore was not to injure any one, but to save the further shedding of blood, and end the war at a blow, that this plan had been arranged with the warm encouragement of Sir Henry Clinton.

Such was the purport of André's letter. And Helen's brain almost reeled after reading it. She had a right noble and generous nature. Naturally open and sincere, she hated everything that even looked like duplicity. And yet she was evidently regarded as the most available person to take a principal part in a scheme involving treachery and deceit. Granting that all was fair in war, and that she was a loyal woman, while Washington was a rebel, she was a woman, and therefore outside of the contention and risks of arms—claiming immunity from the sacrifices and losses of the war, because she was a woman. What right had these men, with their rough feelings and consciences, to plan a part for her—a high-bred, truthful woman? Why did not John André shield her from this entirely—as it was evident from the tone of his letter, he had done in part; the superior power behind him urging him on. She would not—would not—do it!

But then came the revulsion, which every one feels who weighs a great decision. The plan fails—the war goes on. Perhaps her own guardian, her own lover falls in the next fight—a battle which never would have been fought, but for her delicate scruples. The thought was madness.

Why should she pretend to be wiser or better than these high-toned, honorable men? Was not Washington himself continually engaged in trying to deceive, by false letters, false reports, false movements, by deceptions and lies of all kinds, acted and spoken, the royal officers? Would he not plan in the same way, the abduction of Clinton—and, if it succeeded, and through some fair woman's wiles, would not the whole rebel land ring with her praises?

Helen walked up and down the room in the agony of her emotions—first swaying to one side of the question, then to the other.

At last her eyes fell upon a small velvet-bound volume lying upon the bureau. It was the Bible. And, as many a poor, benighted mortal had done before her—forgetful of what the Scripture itself says, that "no prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation"—she said to herself: "I will open the Bible three times. It shall decide my course. Good Father, guide me!" Shutting her eyes, and groping with her hands, she opened the Book. Her eyes unclosed, and she saw where she had opened.

It was the book of Judith—and Judith was standing by the bed of Holofernes, whom she had deceived, with the drawn sword in her hand.

Helen drew a deep breath. She turned away her head for a minute's space, and again she opened the sacred volume, and read.

It was the book of Esther, and Mordecai was saying to the Queen:—"If thou holdest thy peace at this time, thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed!"

"Twice out of three times," she said in a low voice solemnly; "but I will try yet once more."

Again she opened the book. It was at the story of Deborah, and this was the verse her eyes first fell on—"And I will draw unto thee * * the captain of Jabin's army, * * and I will deliver him into thine hand."

THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

But a small number of our readers, we suspect, are acquainted with this barren and Gibraltar-like spot upon which Germany has recently cast a covetous eye. We have therefore placed before them an engraving of this lone isle in the North Sea, and hasten to inform them that it is situated at the entrance to "The Sound" of Oeresund—that important strait which is the only entrance to the inland Baltic Sea—and belongs to Great Britain, having come into her possession by the Treaty of Paris in 1814. The anxiety of Germany to gain this island for her own can be readily understood by glancing at the map, and seeing in what close proximity it is to her shores. The place has been fortified and garrisoned by Great Britain, and converted into a very useful and commanding war station.

Some time before the island itself is reached by steamer from Cuxhaven a good view of it is obtained. The mass of red rock of which it is composed, and the green vegetation with which its upper surface is covered, render its appearance remarkably picturesque and beautiful. The white houses on the beach and on the rising ground stand forth conspicuously.

The passengers are landed from the steamer in small boats. One half of the houses are situated on the small flat space at the foot of the rocks which form the lower town; the remainder on the upper part of the island, and 190 steps have to be mounted in order to reach the latter. The ascent is well worth the trouble, for the prospect from the top is far-reaching and imposing. Across a narrow arm of the sea lies Sandy Island, where bathing goes on—at our feet are the houses of the lower town, with their variegated colors, and with a few flowering plants encircling them.

Helen was not unusually superstitious, but there often flows a current of superstition in the depths of the strongest and sanest minds. She had appealed to the Scriptures, and, as she thought, had been answered. Her decision therefore was made. What she was called upon to do, was not so treacherous and cruel a part as Judith's—and yet Judith had come down in praise through the long generations, because she had forgotten the woman in the patriot. Nor even so cruel as Esther's, for no man was to perish through her agency; on the contrary, he was to be elevated, if he would, to the highest honor in the land. But it seemed clear to her now that this deed was chosen for her—was her destiny. She was to act a principal part in the last scene of the drama, which should end the war, and prevent the dismemberment of the Empire. And, if successful, her name would go down on the pages of history, as that of one worthy to rank with Judith and Esther and Deborah.

Helen had never probably heard the maxim, "when the time has come for action, stop thinking;" but it was in her brave and resolute nature to do this, through the force of its own instincts. And, having once determined on her course, she washed all traces of emotion from her tell-tale face, smoothed her luxuriant silken hair, and went down calmly into the parlor to wait for dinner.

Isabella and Arthur were there before her—both too much interested in their own affairs, to ask many questions of what she had been doing. Lovers are not apt to ask many questions—not wishing to answer any in return. And the lives of these two lovers were flowing on in the most placid, but most delightful current. It was a long June day with them. They were so happy, that there is absolutely nothing to tell of them. Even lovers' quarrels were things of which they did not dream. For they both happened not only to be most noble and generous, but very reasonable people. Talking or reading together—and even sitting at times without conversation, Arthur reading, or playing his flute, Isabella sewing, or knitting, or playing the "harpsichord—for the piano, the enlarged and improved harpsichord, was not yet in common use—they enjoyed the blissful present, as not many lovers, in this imperfect world, are able to do.

"We were just talking of going to the Ball," said Arthur, after a few minutes. "I also bought a ticket for you, Helen; will you go?"

"Who will be there—a lot of Froggies?"

"Yes, if you call them that. Though I think you will speak more respectfully of the French, when you know them better. But a number of our own officers will also be there—and, most probably, Washington himself."

"I should like to see Washington, I confess—that is, if I could have a little conversation with him—if just for one thing, to find out why you and Mr. Morris go off in such a blaze of rockets whenever his name is mentioned."

"Well, if you will go," said Pemberton, "I will try and give you an introduction. Of course you will be one of the handsomest women at the Ball, and Washington, no doubt, knows a pretty woman when he sees her."

"Thank your lordship!" said Helen, with a courtesy. "Your own perceptions of the beautiful need very little more cultivation. But I think I know one gentleman—and he a rebel officer too—who could improve even on your compliment."

"Very probably," replied Arthur.

"I could do that myself," said Isabella, "for if Helen will only do due honor to her charms in her dress, I'll wager that she will be the most beautiful woman there—and, by long odds, the most fascinating."

"Oh, you sweet little Sis," cried Helen, throwing her arms around her; "you know well that the most beautiful woman at the Ball will be Bella Graham. What do you say, Arthur?"

"I agree with you perfectly, *ma belle Helene*."

"Arthur is such an impartial judge," said Bella, smiling serenely. "But wait till Lieutenant Morris comes in."

"If I go, I mean to dress like a Queen," said Helen. "So that when people ask, who is that? they may get the answer, that is one of the Mischianza ladies. Yes, and I'll copy the Mischianza dress too, for the fun of the thing—except, of course, those horrid spangles."

"All right," said Pemberton. "A woman as pretty as you are, can do anything. Besides we do not war upon women."

"And yet a woman's hand has often turned the scale of Destiny," exclaimed Helen proudly. "Joan of Arc, and Esther, and Judith, and Semiramis—"

"Oh, those terrible creatures!" commented Isabella.

"Names," continued Helen, "that have come down to us, and will go down to the latest generation, in proof of what the soul and hand of a woman is able to perform."

"Why, Helen, you look quite the heroine, with that commanding eye and brow," cried Pemberton, laughing. "I shall be careful to look up all the loose nails and hammers about the house, lest you treat some of us rebels, as that model heroine, Jael, treated Sisera."

"For shame, Arthur, how can you talk so!" said Isabella reprovingly, as Helen sat down in a little of a collapse. The idea of Jael, with her cruel nail, was not pleasant to her.

"Will Washington really be there?" queried Isabella.

"There is very little doubt of it," replied Pemberton.

"He certainly is a very handsome man," continued Isabella. "He looks the great man, if any one ever looked it."

"He looks it, and is it!" exclaimed Pemberton, enthusiastically. "Why, Bella, I positively think, in real, sober earnest, that he alone upholds our great Cause. I tremble sometimes to think how everything hangs on that one man's life. A chance ball, and where are we!"

"There are no chance balls!" replied Isabella, fervently. "I am happy in the faith that all is ordered by the Wise Supreme; and that while Washington has his great work to do, no Indian's sure aim, no Ferguson's matchless rifle, will be able to take him off."

Helen listened attentively—her whole form was agitated with her emotion, though as she took no direct part in the conversation, her sister and Pemberton did not perceive it.

"It would almost seem to be as you say," rejoined Pemberton. "Lee was captured, as the result of a piece of recklessness, and, as some of us think, just at the right time. He might have superceded Washington, and lost us everything. Washington committed precisely the same fault when down near the head of Elk, and came off safely. If he had been captured, like Lee, I tremble to think of the result."

"This was the noblest Roman of them all!—
A Christian Roman! drawing forth his life
From Palestine and Rome! and lacking this,
Or lacking that, had been of lesser height,
Less fit to guide and mould the infant State.

The evening of the Ball had arrived. The old Manor house of the Penn Family, at Bush Hill—a short distance then beyond the suburbs of the city—was untenanted, save by an old negro couple whose business it was to keep the house and grounds in some kind of order, and was chosen as the scene of the festivities. A number of French officers had come on to Philadelphia to pay their respects to Congress—taking advantage of the curious inactivity which characterized the campaign of 1779; and as the Philadelphia of that time, notwithstanding the mixture of the Quaker element in society, was greatly devoted to pleasure-making and pleasure-seeking, this Ball had been devised as a means of showing them honor, and promoting the good feeling between the two nations.

Washington also had arrived, and would be present. The Commander-in-chief did not altogether approve of the mirth and feasting which was so much the order of the day in the Quaker city, but he was very anxious that every kindness and all due respect should be shown to the French officers. Especially was he anxious that it should be done at this time, when the unfortunate affair of Rhode Island still rankled in the popular mind, and tended to reawaken those feelings of dislike and contempt for the French, which had grown up through the animosities of many centuries.

There was a large and gay party assembled at the manor-house of Springettsbury that evening. The mansion itself was brilliantly illuminated with wax candles and lustres, and adorned with mirrors and paintings and statues, and the intermingled flags of France and the united States; while the extensive grounds attached to the house, with their gravel walks and evergreen arbors and wilderness of shade, including thick groves of cedars and catalpas, were lighted up with Chinese lanterns for the enjoyment of promenaders. Nearly a hundred French and American officers were present, and a still larger number of civilians, including members of the Continental Congress, and other gentlemen of high political and social repute. As we have said, Washington also was present, and the centre of admiring and venerating eyes.

Helen had come, as she had planned, but not in the Mischianza attire. When rallied by Pemberton for the abandonment of that significant costume, she had simply replied that she was a woman, and had her privilege of changing her mind. But it was evident that to whatever reason the change was due, Helen had done wisely so far as the elegance of her dress was concerned. In truth, as Judith arrayed herself in her finest apparel when she went forth to captivate Holofernes, and Esther to ask her favor of Ahasuerus the King, so Helen resolved to spare no pains to increase the effect of her own surpassing charms. She was attired in a beautiful pale green silk—of a shade nearly resembling that which we of this day have seen produced under the title of "eau de Nil"—fitting closely to her shapely form and trailing behind her, but cut low, and disclosing the faultless contour of her dazzling white neck. Her white arms also were uncovered from just below the shoulder—save as all were hidden by an overdress of costly lace, which covered but only partially concealed her virgin beauty. Around her neck she wore a carcanet of pearls, with a cross attached to it, and hanging low upon her bosom. And pearls were also entwined in

BANNER OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARD.

CHAPTER X.

"There is an amusing account of pretty Nelly Custis practising at the harpsichord in 1794—"playing and crying, crying and playing, for four or five hours at a time"—Mrs. Washington, her grandmother, who was a rigid disciplinarian, holding her steadfastly to her task. Her harpsichord cost 1000 dollars. It had double rows of keys, and looked like a small piano. The harpsichord was in general use as late as that time, although the piano was invented in Germany about forty or fifty years before.

her gold-brown hair, which was worn somewhat high, after the fashion of the time, but unpowdered, and braided like a coronet around her classically shaped head. And from her small, beautiful ears also depended pearls.

The festivities commenced with a dance, in honor of the Alliance between the two countries. Pemberton and Isabella took part in this. It was a double Quadrille—which dance the French officers had brought over with them, and which was just beginning to take the place of the more ceremonious Minuet. Four of the eight gentlemen were arrayed in the French, and four in the American military uniform; while four of the ladies wore blue, with American flowers in their hair, and four white, with green scarfs, and artificial *fleur-de-lis*. The American officers dancing with the ladies that represented the French, and the French officers dancing with the ladies in blue.

As the company crowded to the sides of the room to make space for the dancers, Helen found herself, very little to her own surprise, but apparently very unpremeditatedly, quite close to Washington. She was surrounded, as was apt to be the case, by quite a company of admirers, and this, together with her liveliness and wonderful beauty of face and form, evidently attracted the notice of the General. Helen was in splendid spirits. Never had she shone more brilliantly than this evening. That her excitement was not entirely natural, did not detract from its power. She was intoxicated with the excitement of her bold design—for she had agreed to act the part which had been planned for her, if she possibly could.

Soon the Alliance Quadrille was over, and the couples engaged in it mingled with the rest of the company. And then Helen felt a touch on her arm, and turned to see Pemberton and Washington standing at her side.

"Allow me to present to your Excellency, Miss Helen Graham," said Pemberton. Helen made a deep courtesy.

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Helen?" said Washington; "I see they are waiting for me to lead off."

Helen signified her assent, and putting her gloved hand in the large, masculine one extended towards her, was led to the head of the principal set.

Helen was so excited she could scarcely trust herself to speak. It seemed hardly regular. His Excellency, many evidently thought, should have begun with Mrs. President Reed, and danced with some twenty other dowagers before ever thinking of the young ladies. But it was not a clear case of fascination and wilfulness. Washington revered the proprieties, although they were intolerably irksome to him at times. But, strictly speaking, this was not a Ball in his honor—it was in honor of the French—and he merely attended as a private gentleman; therefore he was entitled to exercise the freedom of a private gentleman.

He was not apt to make a mistake in etiquette, and he had fully considered all this before he came to the Ball. Therefore he felt at liberty to conform to his own inclinations. As for dancing itself, he liked dancing with a good partner—and when he got a good partner, he was not particularly anxious to change. He had danced three hours at a time with Mrs. General Green—as it was not at all unusual in those days, for a gentleman to dance the whole evening with one partner. In fact, in some parts of the country, it was esteemed almost a slight to the lady to leave her before all the dances were over.

Helen gradually regained her composure as she went through the short, dignified steps of the stately minuet with the General; and soon was quite ready to take advantage of the pauses of the dance, to keep up an animated conversation. They talked of the new dance—the quadrille—of the weather, and of all those various topics which well-bred gentlemen and ladies use to keep up the shuttlecock of conversation on such occasions. Then, after half-an-hour or so, Helen requested to be led to a seat, saying, with an arch smile:

"I want to get home safely this evening, General—and if I monopolize you too long, some of these beautiful ladies will never forgive me."

Washington smiled. "How adroitly you young ladies can manage things. Now I know there is some young man around, who wonders how long I am going to take advantage of my position to appropriate you."

"That *might* be true, your Excellency—and does justice to your penetration—but it happens to be otherwise. There is not one young man in the room for whom I care, in the way you allude to, a silver button."

"Then I shall claim your hand for another dance before the evening is over, for I have quite taken a fancy to you, Miss Helen."

"Thank you," said Helen, inclining her beautiful head; "you do me honor. And I shall be greatly pleased to dance with your Excellency again, towards the close of the evening. You will not forget it?"

"I never forget engagements," replied Washington smiling. "Now *I* will leave you and see if I really am so popular among the young ladies as you say. Who is that standing talking with Mr. Pemberton?"

"That is my sister Isabella. Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed Helen in her enthusiasm for her sister. "She will be delighted to dance with you. It will 'do her proud,' as the school girls used to say at Bethlehem."

"I think she looks very much like you—only with a difference. She looks graver, and less—less—"

"Volatile and giddy; thank you, General."

"Impulsive, was the word I was seeking. Do not forget that dance." And Washington walked, in his stately way, over to her sister.

"Well, what do you think of the General?" asked Pemberton, coming up to her, as Washington led Isabella to a place in a new set.

"I wish you would take a seat by me here on this lounge, Arthur, and keep off everybody. I don't feel like conversing with any one just now—I've got a bad headache."

"I am very sorry, indeed. Can I not get something—"

"What a foolish man! I mean the figurative headache, which ladies get when they do not wish to be bothered."

"Oh," said Pemberton, smiling. "I feel very much flattered indeed. But I suppose our apparent tête-à-tête will keep others off, and your bad headache will keep me off, and so you will be unmolested in the very midst of society. I am glad you have a beautiful sister, not subject to bad headaches—at least when I am about."

Helen made no answer. Her eyes were following Washington and Isabella through the stately dance—or rather Washington, for she did not even see her sister. He was certainly a grand figure. Attired in a complete suit of black velvet, with the exception of the pearl-colored waistcoat, with a dress sword at his side, he was the most stately and dignified man that Helen had ever seen.

And she liked him. His face was calm, grand, serene—and when he smiled, it lighted up with a most beautiful and benignant expression. And he also evidently liked her—would perhaps have danced with her all the evening, had she been willing to allow it.

Helen was in no mood just then for sportive conversation. The thought of what she had agreed to perform—and what she still meant to perform—had grown in one short hour very unpleasant to her. Judith had persevered to the tragic end, and without the least womanish shrinking of heart; but would she if Holofernes had resembled Washington?

This man doubtless was engaged in a bad cause—but, like Arthur, and Morris, and so many others whom she personally knew, he was honest and sincere to the very core. It was not pleasant, however right and expedient, to carry out such a design as she had agreed to aid, when such a man was the object.

But yet this awful war—and its possible consequences to those she loved best. She saw now how it was that this one stately figure, like a Doric column, held up the entire edifice of the Rebellion. He once removed, and the whole evil structure would come down. And it was for his good also, as for the good of all—that of the Colonies, and that of the whole Empire.

Her brain seemed to reel under these conflicting pleadings of the mind and heart. But she must not disappoint her friends,—she must not disappoint her lover—she must go on with her purpose.

They were handing around some refreshments. "Please get me a glass of water," said Helen to Pemberton. "I cannot drink wine just now."

Pemberton left her, and at that moment one of the negro waiters came up to her with a cake tray. He was slightly made, and of a tolerably dark color, though with none of the usual African features. As Helen took a cake out of a basket of silver filagree work, he said in a low voice—

"Do not forgit. We shall have all ready by twilve."

Helen started. She recognized the voice at once as that of Captain Fanny. He moved on as Pemberton came back with some water. No one, who was not suspecting, could have detected the Captain under his negro disguise. It gave Helen a startling sense of the reality of the conspiracy, which was very unpleasant to her.

Isabella's coming up broke the charmed circle of the apparent tête-à-tête; and the two sisters—the acknowledged queens of the Ball—were thenceforward surrounded by a gay crowd of gentlemen. Helen welcomed it as a relief from her confused thoughts. She altered her determination, and drank glass after glass of wine; she danced with gentleman after gentleman, even with two of the French officers—she smiled, and sighed, and almost flirted—and was to the height the charming, fascinating, bewildering being that nature so often sends into the world to set men wild and crazy.

As the company came out of the supper-room, and prepared to resume dancing, Washington again came to her. "Are you ready for that dance yet, Miss Helen?"

"I have danced and danced till I am almost tired of dancing, and should prove, I fear, a sorry partner. Would not your Excellency prefer a stroll out in the grounds, where we could get a little fresh air this warm evening?"

Washington immediately offered his arm. "I think I should enjoy that myself much better than the dancing," replied he.

They walked off together, leaving a disconsolate group of beaux behind them.

"You seem to have had a merry time of it this evening, Miss Helen," said Washington, looking down upon her benignantly.

"Yes—too merry! I think I should enjoy a little sober and sensible conversation for a change. I am not always so absolutely frivolous, General."

"If I am not greatly mistaken in my judgment, you are not a *mere* woman of society, Miss Helen. There is a depth of tone in your voice, which no mere worldling's voice ever has. And those are times to call out the deepest emotions, both of men and women."

"Oh would that this cruel and unhappy war were over!" exclaimed Helen, almost passionately. "You must hate war, General—any one can see that in your face. Why then not agree to a peace?"

"I do—to use your own strong expression, my child—*hate war*," replied Washington. "And gladly would I aid in making peace. But the road to Peace, I am sorry to say, lies just now through the smoke and carnage of the battle-field."

"I do not see it so—I do not see it so," replied Helen, with animation. "I know from what the British Commissioners said to me and to others when they were in the city last year, that England is ready to grant every demand of the Colonies."

"Except one!" said Washington with brevity.

"I suppose your Excellency means Independence—but that was not one of the original demands."

"No. But the war has opened our eyes to its necessity. It has awak-ned those who thought themselves only children, to the proud consciousness that they are really men—and that the parental rule should of right cease. If we were to agree to resume our allegiance, in the course of a few years the struggle for Independence would force itself upon us. It is the part of wisdom, as it seems to me, to persevere—especially as the French and Spanish alliances make our success, if we do not grow faint-hearted, absolutely certain."

They had been walking up and down, at first, amid or near a score of other couples; but Helen had purposely directed their course towards the outer paths of the grounds. Now they were near the extreme limit, where amid a small grove of cedar trees an arbor had been placed, with a couple of seats, and a small table between them. Helen knew the place by description well. It was the very spot agreed upon—being not only close to the rear entrance, but in the most shaded and secluded portion of the grounds.

"I feel tired," said she; "shall we sit down a moment?"

They took seats—with the little table between them.

"You spoke, General, of the French Alliance," said Helen, resuming the conversation. "I for one cannot forget for how many centuries France and Spain have been our almost natural enemies, and the enemies of the Protestant cause. Has the King of France grown to love Republicanism of late, that he joined the Colonies—or is not rather the old hatred against England and Protestantism flashing out, under the wise motto, 'Divide and conquer?'"

"I do not suppose that the King of France acts from very philanthropic motives," replied Washington smiling; "but when a man is struggling in the water, he is not generally very curious as to the motives of the man who is trying to help him out. The good service is the same."

"And having helped him out, what if he says, now do as I bid you, or I will throw you in again."

"If that time should ever come, certainly he would be even then in a better position than before—for he would be at least on his feet, and on the land."

"This French Alliance seems to me positively wicked," continued Helen earnestly. "Providence cannot smile on it. Your Excellency has heard doubtless of that accident, as some call it, at the dinner given by Monsieur Gerard to the French officers, last week?"

"I heard a brief allusion to it. What was it?"

"The lightning struck the house, in the midst of their festivities, melted the very silver spoons and plates they were using, stunned half the company, and killed one of the French officers outright. Should not that be a warning?" said Helen, excitedly.

"Yes, my dear child, I think it should be. I think Monsieur Gerard should profit by living in the same city with your wise Dr. Franklin, and have a lightning-rod put up before any further damage is done," replied Washington with a grave smile.

"Do you not believe then, General, that Providence interferes in the affairs of this world?"

"Of course I do. But you will find it, my dear girl, impossible to regulate your conduct by omens. For instance, this is one;—but then, as you doubtless know, another stroke of lightning melted the crown on Christ Church steeple. And the falling snow deadened the noise of our surprise of Col. Rahl at Trenton—and the coming up of a sharp frost aided us to escape from Cornwallis at Assunpink Creek, and fall upon his rear at Princeton. Therefore, you see, the omens are by no means all on one side."

"The Rev. Mr. Tennent, a very good man, as Mrs. Pemberton once told me, was struck by lightning in the streets of Philadelphia, and was not injured in the least. Not even the smell of fire was upon his garments; though the silver buckles at his knees and on his shoes were melted," rejoined Helen.

"And many a bad man doubtless has also been struck, and received no damage; while numberless good men and women, and innocent children, have been killed.

"I cannot help believing there is something in these things—these natural or Divine interpositions," said Helen, thoughtfully.

"Why, my dear girl," said Washington smiling kindly on her, "if I had attended to my premonitions, I should not have been here to-night."

Helen started, and gazed eagerly into his face.

"All day," continued Washington, "I have felt an unaccountable depression—an omen, some might think, of impending evil. But should I stay away from this Ball—and say that I was frightened by an omen? My duty lay just here, and that should be enough for any man. I did do one thing—I brought along my guard, as a prudential measure, which perhaps I should not otherwise have done."

"I think you ought to have attended to your feelings—as Mrs. Pemberton, who is a Quaker, would say—and have stayed away."

"What—and missed making your acquaintance, Miss Helen! Why, I am not so old but that I would run a little risk to have a nice talk with a charming woman. Of course I cannot talk much with men. I must keep up my dignity with that presuming sex."

Helen glanced at her watch. It was half-past eleven. Twelve was the appointed hour—but they might think it expedient to anticipate it. And she had not yet positively determined what she would do. Could she betray, even for his own good, this noble man, who evidently liked her, and would trust her to the utmost.

"General," she continued, "one thing more I should like to say. Of course it is a woman's idea, but I think it could be realized. I should like to see the Colonies have their just rights. I should like to see them united, with their own American Parliament, composed of a House of Commons and a House of Peers. I should like to see a Viceroy of native birth, some man of commanding appearance, talents and character, who should be ennobled, hold his office for life, and represent the King. And I should like that man to be George Washington."

For the first time Washington's eyes gazed keenly upon the beautiful woman before him, as if he half suspected she spoke the words of others. But he recovered his equanimity in a moment, and said simply, with a pleasant smile,—

"My dear Miss Helen, how little you understand me. Putting aside the question of Republicanism, I have positively no desire for such honors as you speak of. What little ambition I had once, has been completely dissipated by my experience during the last three years. To be in a high position, is to have one's motives constantly impugned, to have the wisest actions misconstrued, and be the constant prey of anxiety and care. Did I not think it my duty to serve my country in the position where she has placed me, I would resign my present rank to-morrow. You spoke of Peace! How gladly shall I welcome it—and return to the calm pursuits and pleasures of private life. Viceroy of America! Such a position would have no charms for me. I long for rest, not for power and splendor. Give me a home-spun dress rather than purple robes."

Helen gazed up into his face with admiration not unmingled with awe. This man was too kingly to covet the crown of a king. He was the Roman Cincinnatus come back to earth. She started as she heard a tread, but it was simply a servant bearing a silver waiter, with some ices and wine upon it. It was Captain Fanny. He set down the waiter on the table between them, and poured out two glasses of the wine. As he poured the wine, he caught Helen's eye for a moment, and shook his head, as if signifying that she was not to drink it.

"Marse Cadwal'der said, gib his compl'mens, an' say dat wine was de werry best old Madeery he eber tasted."

"Tell him I am very much obliged to him for remembering me," said Washington.

Helen sat a moment as if stupified. The whole concerted plan flashed before her. She was to possess herself of Washington's sword—for so powerful a man might not easily be mastered, even if approached from behind. And it was evident that to make assurance doubly sure, this wine had been sent—drugged doubtless with laudanum, or some other powerful narcotic. Washington spoke to her, but she made no reply. She heard his voice, but she did not comprehend his words. She sat gazing out before her, as if her eyes were fascinated by some horrible object

Receiving no answer, Washington put out his hand and took up one of the glasses of wine. But before he had time to put it to his lips, Helen sprang forward wildly—overturning the table with its contents, that went crashing upon the ground, and striking the wineglass from his hand—shrieking, "a snake! a snake!"

Washington put his left arm around her, and with his right, after vainly looking about for a meaner weapon, drew his sword.

"Is it gone? is it gone?" cried Helen, breathlessly. "Oh, let us not stay here a moment longer—let us hurry to the house."

"Are you certain you saw a snake?" asked Washington, as they made their way towards the mansion.

"Oh, I am so frightened," said Helen. "I was never frightened at a snake before. But it was horrible, horrible, horrible!"

A number of persons had heard the shriek, and they now gathered around the General and Helen inquiringly.

"Miss Helen thought she saw a snake," said Washington, with a smile. "Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed he, as he felt Helen's weight begin to drag on his arm, and, looking around, saw she was sinking to the ground.

Helen had fainted. The terrible excitement of an evening passed under such circumstances, and culminating in the drugged liquor and her change of purpose, had proved too much for her highly sensitive organization.

Washington was possessed of immense strength, and disregarding all offers of assistance, he took the fainting girl up in his arms as if she had been a child, carried her into the house and laid her upon a sofa. Then, directing the anxious crowd to stand back and give her air, while Isabella, who had hastened up, unloosed her clothing, he calmly took a seat on a chair near her.

In a few minutes Helen began to revive. She partly opened her eyes, as if to see who was near her, and seeing Washington, feebly put out one of her arms, and laid her hand in his. But, as she recovered consciousness more completely, she seemed to recollect where she was and the proprieties, and gently withdrew it.

"I am sorry the snake gave you such a fright, my dear child!" said Washington tenderly.

"Snake!" cried Isabella, opening her large eyes even wider; "Helen does n't care for snakes. She once killed a rattlesnake in the woods near Bethlehem, while all the other girls ran screaming away."

"This was a very large snake," said Helen in feeble accents. "And it had no rattles either. It was a mean, miserable, horrible Anaconda!"

"I think we had better get Helen home as soon as we can," said Isabella to Pemberton; "she is evidently quite unwell, and wandering in her mind."

And so the carriage was ordered, and, supported between Pemberton and Washton himself, Helen was taken to it, and put in. His Excellency bidding her good-bye in the most affectionate manner, and telling Pemberton to be sure and let him hear the next day how she was.

As the carriage drove off, Washington turned to the officer of his Guard—which latter lounged about near their horses, some ten or twelve picked men.

"Any strangers around here to-night?" asked the General.

"Not very many. A couple of wagon-loads of rather rough-looking fellows from the country, and some people I judge living in the outskirts of the city; all come to see the show, they said."

"What has become of the countrymen?"

"They drove off, a while ago, laughing and swearing—something seems to have amused some of them, and irritated the others, very much."

"Get your men ready, I shall leave in a short time," replied Washington, and re-entered the house.

As he leaned back in his carriage, and rode home, soon after, Washington was cold and silent, replying briefly to President Reed who rode with him, as if desirous of being left free to commune with his own thoughts. He suspected something of the true state of the case, and that he had possibly escaped a snare; but he was not a man given to hasty conclusions on slight premises, and he knew how apt the imagination is to run away with the judgment. "In any event, she repented at the last, and the danger is now all over," was the unexpressed conclusion to which he arrived; and though the subject frequently recurred to his mind in the course of the night, his return to camp the next day, and the important duties which there awaited him, soon crowded all further recollection of it, and all thoughts of Helen Graham—except at distant intervals—from his mind. What the fate of America would have been, had this bold scheme to capture him succeeded, we think hardly admits of a question. There was no other man who could have held in check the discordant factions, united all in one vigorous opposition to the British rule, and by the force and grasp of his unequalled judgment, preserved the armies of the infant Republic in the hour of weakness, and led them in the hour of promise to ultimate and enduring triumph.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBITUARY.

Died, on Sixth day, the 10th inst., at his residence, No. 602 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, GEORGE PETERSON, in the 88th year of his age.

HE WAS SURE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"What a pretty girl."

The speaker was a young man who was sitting by the window of one of the New York club-houses.

He was evidently not very familiar with city life. There was that certain, hardly-definable *something* about him which suggests the country. It was not gawkiness, nor rude manners: John Charlton was capable of neither, because at heart he was a gentleman, and no gentleman is ever rude nor gawkish. It was as if the scent of cloverfields clung about him; the freedom and naturalness of the country could not be shaken off easily. Ignorant and unused to city ways, there was nothing about John Charlton of which his city-cousin, Percy Neal, need be ashamed.

"Which one do you refer to?"

Percy came to the window, and looked out.

"That one in the gray dress."

John Charlton pointed to a girl who was that minute passing the club-house on the opposite side of the street.

She was pretty. John was certainly right in calling her so. Her face had a beauty that did not consist in mere regularity of features. There was something better in it. It was brave, and frank, and thoroughly womanly.

She looked up, and saw the young men watching her.

She bowed to Percy, with a little flush coming into her cheeks.

"You know her then?" John said. "Who is she, pray? I am really interested in her. She has a face far superior to most of your handsome women. There is soul in it."

"That is Miss Nora Lytton," Percy answered. "Would you like to know her?"

"I think I should," John answered. "I like her face, and I think I should like her."

"I will take you to see her, sometime," answered Percy. "I want you to like her, because she may some day be a relative of yours."

"Do you mean it?" cried John. "I congratulate you, Percy—indeed I do. It is all settled, then?"

"Oh no," answered Percy, as he lit a new cigar. "Nothing in the shape of an engagement exists between us, in fact I have never said anything to her about my intentions, but I fancy she understands what I mean pretty well. When the proper time comes—why then, you know, it will be time enough to speak out."

"But while you are waiting for the 'proper time' to come some other fellow may step in and 'cut you out,' as we say in the country. It's best to make sure about these things."

"I *am* sure," answered Percy. "Sure enough, at least, to not be afraid of any one's interfering between Miss Lytton and myself. I think I must call on her to-morrow. Will you go with me?"

"With pleasure," answered John, "that is if you will not be ashamed of me. I am a 'country cousin,' you know, and we have considerable notoriety in *the* city. I am afraid the class doesn't stand very high in general estimation among your fashionable society."

"You know I will not be ashamed of you," answered Percy. "If I had any occasion to be, I should not have invited you to visit me."

The next day Percy and his cousin called on Miss Lytton.

It was a beautiful little room in which they waited for her. A room full of pictures and flowers, and books on little brackets here and there, and music on the open piano. Somehow, to John, the room was suggestive of the woman they waited for. There was something refined and home-like and cultivated about it.

By-and-by she came down; a girl of eighteen, with a fresh, beautiful face, and clear gray eyes, frank, smiling, truthful. John had never known a woman with such eyes to be false to her womanly nobility and truthfulness. Her hair was brown and soft and abundant, and curled about her head in natural little ripples that made her look much more like the women we used to know, than the chignoned women of the day. She had a scarlet rose fastened over her forehead, and a cluster of buds and green leaves at her beautiful throat.

John thought her one of the most lovely girls he had ever seen. Percy introduced them, and inside of half an hour they were friends. Not the friends of fashionable society, in which the term has no meaning worthy itself, but real friends in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, which is becoming obsolete in some classes, where the weightier matters of dress and dissipation occupy the greater share of a person's time.

Miss Lytton was agreeably surprised to find that John Charlton was a much better informed man than the majority of her city acquaintances were. He had read Tennyson and Browning and Dante and Shakspeare, and he could talk about them understandingly. It was much more interesting to hear him talk about poets and their poetry than to listen to the common-place nothings of some of the vapid, superficial young men she knew.

The hour of the call wore away rapidly, and when they rose to take their leave, Miss Lytton gave John a cordial invitation to call again.

He did call again, and Percy rallied him upon his infatuation with Miss Lytton.

"You will fall in love with her, if you haven't already," he said. "You must be careful. A word of warning, you know."

"Thank you," answered John. "I like Miss Lytton; I admit that, but—"

"Well—what?" asked Percy, laughingly. "You are somewhat in awe of her—is that it?"

"No," answered John. "I see no reason for standing in awe of Miss Lytton, but I am afraid you will think me interfering between you and her if I keep on calling there."

"Not a bit of it," answered Percy. "I give you permission to call whenever your inclination prompts you to. Make love to her, too, if you want to. You see I am not at all jealous. I fancy I understand the young lady well enough, and that I can trust you and her."

"And nothing has ever been said between you relating to marriage?" questioned John.

"Not a word," answered Percy. "You can propose marriage to her if you want to; but as I think I know pretty well how matters stand, I wouldn't advise you to, if you care anything about getting a polite refusal."

Percy laughed at the idea of John Charlton's making love to Nora Lytton, but he had no idea that he would presume to do so. He liked John. He was such a good-hearted, manly fellow that he couldn't help liking him, but, after all, he was a country cousin, and of course he had nothing to fear from him so far as his chance in winning Miss Lytton's heart and hand was concerned. He had an idea that there was no one much better than Percy Neal. It is a good thing, without doubt, to have some self-esteem, but he had rather too much of it. He fancied that Miss Lytton had especial favor for him, and that all that was necessary for him to win her was to ask the important question. He had taken her to opera and concert, had rode with her in the park, and was on quite intimate terms with her, calling whenever he chose to, and took it for granted that the result of this friendly intimacy would be what he saw fit to make it.

John Charlton's stay in the city was longer than he had intended it should be. It held an attraction for him that he could not break away from in the shape of Nora Lytton.

"That cousin of yours is desperately in love with Miss Nora, isn't he?" asked a friend of Percy's, one day. "I saw them walking in the park together yesterday, and I fancied they were quite lover-like. She evidently likes him uncommonly well, or else is making sport of him."

Percy woke up suddenly. He knew that Nora Lytton was not the woman to make sport of any man. Therefore if she was unusually intimate with his cousin, it meant something. He must see about it. But then, it didn't trouble him much, because he was pretty sure how he stood in Nora's regard.

The next day he saw John and Nora riding by, and he decided that they were rather lover-like in their attentions to each other. He made up his mind that the "proper time" about which he had spoken to John had come, and that evening he would see Nora and ask her to marry him.

And that evening he called on Nora. And he did ask her to marry him, but the result was what he had not anticipated.

"I promised your cousin that I would be his wife, this afternoon," she said. "I am sorry that you did not know of it before. It would have spared both of us this embarrassing scene."

"But—I thought. I was sure you cared for me," he said, feeling more discomfited than he had even imagined it possible for him to.

"You were mistaken," she said. "I am happy to call you my friend, but I could never have given you anything but friendship."

So Percy Neal found out his mistake, and that he had been too sure. The country cousin had "cut him out."

"Well," he said, to himself, that night, "John's a good fellow, a right good fellow, and I'm glad he's got her, if I can't have her myself. He's a lucky fellow, and she's one well enough for any man, if he does happen to be a "country cousin."

Men of Few Words.

Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eyes and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their mind as a river into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counsellors, and true friends were they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

FEMALE LOVELINESS

Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of efforts—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.—*Ruskin.*

☞ The school at Green Bay, Wis., is closed in consequence of its only teacher, a lady, having run away with a young man of that city.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A "Society for the Encouragement of Young Men Desiring to Marry" is organizing among the young ladies of Roundout, New York.

☞ "Come into the Varden, Maud," is the way in which musical mammas urge their daughters to try on their new calico dresses.

☞ A foreign magazine of fashion, in describing a new dress, adds, "with this costumes the mouth is to be worn slightly open."

☞ A celebrated Cremona violin, made in the fifteenth century, was sold in New York last week for $150!

☞ There is a female patient in the Stockton (California) Asylum, whose insanity was caused by internal injuries, the result of tight lacing.

☞ Street costumes recently sent over from Paris are made short enough to clear the ground.

☞ A boy and girl about fourteen years old were seen walking on Grand street, New Haven, the other evening, each smoking a cigar.

☞ A base-ball club in Connecticut has made preparations for the season by laying in a stock of twenty-two yards of sticking-plaster and thirteen pair of crutches.

☞ A Cincinnati paper describes the pattern of a Dolly Varden as "red floss rhinoceroses rooting up a black satin morass."

☞ There is not a male member of the Methodist Church at Geneva, Illinois.

☞ A gentleman who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon who was present asked him if the injury he sustained was near the *vertebræ*. "No, sir," replied he, "it was within a few yards of the court-house!"

☞ A St. Louis paper heads the account of a recent suicide "Suicide No. 3028."

☞ The Smithsonian Institute has just received a valuable curiosity from an Ecuadan gentleman. It is a battle trophy of a race of natives living near the headwaters of the Amazon river, and is the head of a captive, condensed by some unknown process to a size not more than three inches in diameter, the original proportions of the features being preserved.

☞ A New York farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring elements, and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack; and then his wife laughed.

☞ The animalcules in the Boston water are visible without the aid of a microscope. In a specimen recently examined, was found an eel thirty-seven inches long and nine inches in girth, and a turtle weighing thirty pounds.

☞ "The immorality of the age is a standing topic of complaint with some, observed Goethe; "but if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent it."

☞ "Are you an Odd Fellow?" "No, sir; I've been married for a week." "I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?" "No, no; I belong to the order of married men." "Mercy, how dumb! Are you a Mason?" "No; I'm a carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?" "Bother you; no, I'm a son of Mr. John Goslings." The querist went away.

☞ Corpulent old lady: "I should like a ticket for the train." Booking clerk, who thinks he will make a joke. "Yes'm; will you go in the passenger train or cattle train?" Lady: "Well, if you are a specimen of what I shall experience in the passenger train, give me a ticket for the cattle train by all means."

☞ This year the professional base-ball players will get, in the Athletics $1200, in the Haymakers $1300, in the Baltimores $1200, in the Boston and Clevelands $1300, and in the Mutuals $1200. The Atlantics will depend upon the gate receipts for their compensation.

☞ Many methods for disposing of Shere Ali, the assassin of Lord Mayo, were proposed, but the Delhi Gazette marked out pains and penalties which are not only original, but positively grotesque in their horrors. It would have had Shere Ali branded with an M., deprived of both arms above the elbows, transported to England in an iron cage (and *via* the Cape) for 21 years, whipped once a month, exhibited with the wild beasts in the Tower, and, if alive at the end of the 21st year, decapitated, dissected and burnt.

☞ An ignorant housemaid who had to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, when the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

☞ Peru, Indiana, has a remarkable chorus society. A local sheet says: "The soprano reached high C without an effort, and the basso profundo made a run of the gallery stairs, striking B flat in a sitting position."

☞ It would not be pleasant to hearken to even the most charming sermon upon one's knees. Upon the occasion of the marriage on the 16th ult. of the Marquis of Bute to the Hon. Gwendoline Mary Anne Howard, at the Oratory, Brompton, the Very Reverend Monsignor Capel advanced to the front of the altar steps and delivered a homily on the duties of the marriage state, which the bride and bridegroom listened to kneeling at the table. Monsignor's little discourse lasted a quarter of an hour, and we suspect the happy pair were just a little happier when it was over.—*Tribune.*

☞ The gifted undergraduates of Vassar College discovered a beautiful meteor, the other night, near the horizon. After carefully noting its conformation and peculiarities, the telescope was called into requisition, and revealed the fact that the celestial visitant was a fire in the woods.

☞ Extracts from the papers of rejected school-ma'ams in Ohio:—"The food is first masticated, and then passes through the phalanx;" "The chest is formed of two bones, the sternum and spinal cord;" "Emphasis is placing more distress on some words."

☞ The Hon. George Bancroft, our Minister to Berlin, is described as riding horseback "in tight-fitting trowsers, high top-boots and highly polished silk hat." Should think he'd want to wear a shirt.

☞ The Danbury News says that a Salisbury German went hunting for a crow on Monday week. He put a couple of quarts of powder and shot in his gun, shut his eyes, and blazed away. It is impossible to tell what a gun will do when thus loaded, but it is certain that it came apart in this case, and that the village physician promptly sews in every piece of the German barber as rapidly as it is found. The crow has not since been seen; it is likely it has left town until the excitement blows over.

☞ The United States is the country, *par excellence*, for newspapers, and their number is legion, almost every village having its local press. In the West they start a newspaper when they build the first church and first school-house, and plant their first cornfield. This national trait was fully illustrated as far back as the Mexican war, where newspapers were established wherever our army penetrated, for there were plenty of men in the ranks who could handle the rifle and the composing stick with equal dexterity. "Does there happen to be a printer here?" asked General Scott, on one occasion, when he wished to have a proclamation "set up." A printer! Fancy his simplicity; more than two hundred sturdy typos stepped two paces to the front at the summons.—*Boston Globe.*

THE STORY OF SOME BELLS.

TOLD FOR A POET.

A little legend, dear and gracious friend,
Has strangely wrought upon my heart to-day.
Let me the story to thy heart commend,
And tell it to thee in my simple way.

Long years agone, a Southern artisan,
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime;
A dreamy-eyed, devout and sad-voiced man,
Cast, with rare skill, a wondrous tuneful chime,
Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And, it is said, this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung,
A triumph peal, the bells harmonious rang,
And made a Sabbath on the golden air,
He stood with clasped hands and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

Against the cliff, beneath the convent tower,
He built the rude nest of his peasant home;
Nor wandering sail nor hope of gain had power
To tempt him from the spot blest by his bells to roam.

At last there came to curse that lovely land
The woe and waste of war; the legend tells
How, one wild night, a sacrilegious band
Despoiled the convent even of its bells.

The founder, seizing his rude arms, in vain
Strove that fierce tide of blood and fire to stay;
He saw his home in flames, his brave sons slain,
And then a dungeon's walls shut out the day.

Long years wore on: at last the artisan,
A weary, bowed, gray-haired and lonely man,
Joyless beheld again the sea, the sky,
And pined to hear his bells once more—then die.

Somewhere, he knew, those bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of heaven;
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer—
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

The legend telleth how, from town to town,
Where'er a minster-cross, stood up to bless
God's praying souls, where'er a spire looked down,
He through strange lands and weary ways did press
His mournful pilgrimage, companionless.

The Norman carillons, so sweet and clear,
The chimes of Amsterdam and gray old Ghent,
But alien music rang they to his ear,
No faintest thrill of joy to his sad heart they sent.

Before full many an English tower he stood,
And vainly listened, then pursued his quest;
At last a noble lady, fair and good,
The sad-eyed pilgrim pointed to the west,
And said, "At Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats, all pealing in accord."

Soft shades foretold the coming of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingered—or as there sweet Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a boat slow held its way;
All silent bent the boatmen to their oars,
For at their feet a dying stranger lay.

In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names, and murmured words of prayer;
And yearningly his wasted arms outflung,
Grasped viewless hands, and kissed the empty air.

Sudden upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper-bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 'twould seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid its silent times—
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes—
Or gathered music from the Summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from trinutary flowers,
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime, and knew it ringing nigh;
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching toward the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear my bells once more!"

Nearer they drew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church tower high:
The pilgrim listened, till their latest swells
Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh;
With their sweet cessing ceased his mortal breath.
So, like a conqueror to the better land,
Passed the worn artisan—such music grand
Uprolled before him on the heavenly path.

From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
And Hesperus his silver lamp uphung;
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
The vesper chime that summoneth to pray;
But to that stranger, weary, lone, and old,
They pealed the matins of immortal day.

—*Grace Greenwood, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

A TRUE LOVER.

BY EDITH S. JAY,

AUTHOR OF "A NOBLE ERROR," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE."

Night, hot, breathless, blue, pierced with fiery white stars without, dusky and stifling round a dull glimmering candle within, pulsing doomfully with the blank "tick tack" of a watch, which some hand, forgetful of more needful tasks, has wound up and placed on a shelf. An Indian night, awfully beautiful outside; but here, in a sick room, heavily redolent of vinegar and ether, lying like a palpable horror on a hot forehead, wet with sickened dews, a laboring chest, and waxen, wasted hands, that toss moaningly to and fro, and seek in vain for an easy place on that furnace-bed of fever.

Dennis Kilcourcy, who at present owns these inconvenient proofs of humanity, but who is not likely, if appearances are correct, to own them long, has been lying here for weeks, parched and frozen to the heart alternately, "fairly melting away," as his sweet Irish voice, half comic, half pathetic, expressed it, when he could still smile at his own sufferings; till all strength of mind and body seemed drained out of him, or concentrated into these big black-blue eyes, ablaze with fever, glistening from their dark circles with a terribly intent look, such as men seldom wear till they lie face to face, shut up beyond chance of escape, with the last great problem.

He looks awfully white, as he lies on the white pillow—just a touch of scarlet on his sharpened cheekbone, and his lips that move dryly with faint fluttering breaths; his voice, muttering plaints that in their agony are almost prayers, is nearly extinguished; and the boy comrade, Newsome, who shares his quarters, who left him, weary of the piteous spectacle, half afraid of one more piteous yet, two hours ago, has to-night all the sad importance of the first bearer of ill news.

"Kilcourcy's *awfully* bad," he has announced to one man after another, "I don't think he can live."

"Poor old Paddy! he used to be so jolly," says some one, regretfully; "always ready to help a man out of a scrape."

"Or into one," remarks an unpopular person, whom an angry repetition of Newsome's intelligence speedily checks.

"Somebody ought to go and see him," a new voice observes.

"Ye-es," replies Newsome, rather doubtfully; "only"—

"Why not?"

"Well, he groans so, and * * I think he's off his head a little, and you know, *quite* * * dying."

He drops his voice nervously at the last words, and fidgets with a ring on his finger, while an oppressed silence falls on the rest.

They are most of them young and afraid, not exactly of death, but of a death-bed scene—of any sort of gloom; embarrassed, too; wondering, perhaps, if that pleasant, hot-tempered, soft-hearted, reckless dare-devil "Paddy," will be as daring to the last, or need prayer and comfort such as they never knew, or have forgotten how to give. So they look at each other soberly, till a man rises from the shadow, where he has been sitting, and goes with a gentle heavy step towards the door.

"Elphinstone," says some one, as if the name were in itself comforting and explanatory; and messages are shouted after him, to which he listens conscientiously, and with sadness on a usually cheerful face, and then goes on his mission.

"It's in his line," remark those he leaves, and they are so far right, that doing a kindness, under whatever circumstances, is always in Shafto Elphinstone's line.

He reaches the door of Kilcourcy's room in course of time, and after knocking twice or thrice in vain, enters. The candle has burned lower, and the sick man lies much quieter, with a look of awe and helpless terror in his bright eyes and on his wan face that goes to Shafto's kindly heart.

He turns his head sharply as the latter enters, having heard him outside speaking to the doctor, who has been here since Newsome left.

"He says, I'll *die!*" he asks piteously, "Oh! Elphinstone." And he shudders, and stares round wildly, and clutches the big hand that Shafto lays tenderly upon him, as if for very life.

"No, no, he doesn't say that."

"Don't tell me a lie now, to keep me quiet * * * besides, I—I—*ought* to know * * * to prepare. * * * *She* used to try and teach me those things; but my head's so bad I can't remember. Do you think God can forgive? * * * D'ye think he sees how hard. * * * D'ye think He'd take me when I'm so unfit?"

"But the doctor *doesn't* say you're dying, old fellow," replies Shafto soberly, interrupting the incoherent cries of despair which have driven Newsome away terrified. "He says you're very bad; but you may pull through, and he trusts you will. * * And even if you couldn't, it isn't your sins that matter; but your being sorry for them to God."

"*She* said so," answers the other eagerly, brushing the drops off his forehead. "But then I thought it might be because she cared for me a little, and so wanted to look at it that way. But you'd tell me the truth, wouldn't you?"

"You know I would."

"And it *isn't* sure I'll die this time?"

"No."

Kilcourcy heaves a long sigh, and clinging fast to Shafto's hand, turns his head wearily to the pillow.

"I think I'll be able to rest now," he mutters, exhaustedly. "I was afraid before, if I didn't keep stirring, Id die in my sleep. * * And there was a message * * and a locket. * * *"

His words die into a tired murmur; he falls asleep with them on his lips, and Shafto, looking down with simple unenvying admiration at the delicate beauty of his features, the long black lashes that quiver on his waxen cheek, the wet glossy rings of hair tangling on his white forehead, wonders whether the "message and the locket" were for that same "she" who used to try and teach poor Dennis the good things he has such need of now; whether she loved him very much, and was really the secret of his fits of recklessness and sorrow, of his magnificent indifference to the belles of the station.

"Poor girl!" he thinks, "and poor Paddy, too; It's evident it can't have gone very smoothly." And as he makes this reflection, Dennis stirs, and strokes caressingly, with feeble feverish fingers, the strong hand he clasps, and mutters "Darling" over and over, with a name Shafto does not catch.

He listens tenderly, with a little curious awe for a feeling he has never known. *His* life has been a very calm and steady current, slow enough, with scarcely an event to break its course till that which is sending him back to England now, namely, his unexpected succession to estates and a fortune.

He rejoices over it in a quiet way, for he dislikes India, and thinks England the only country worth living in; but he is not unduly elated, and has mild schemes for the good of others—his friends—his future tenants and neighbors—as well as for his own pleasure. Elphinstone is quiet, indeed, in everythig. Out of those light blue eyes, which are not beautiful, or soft and passionate, like Kilcourcy's, looks a soul which will never find full utterance here—wistful, yearning, sad, without knowing it; from those lips which are by no means perfectly chiselled, no burning eloquence, no brilliant and convincing argument, will ever fall. He may persuade by deeds; but not by words. He is plain and commonplace, a big, good-natured person, whom no one makes a hero of, or worships, but everybody tranquilly likes: round whose long legs half the children in the station tumble; on whose knees the most misanthropic canine individual rests a ready muzzle; whose horses, if they throw him on an average twice a day without doors, follow him like dogs, and come trotting up eagerly at his whistle, within. He has red hair, a wide mouth under his great ragged moustache, high cheek-bones, a long, doubtful nose, and an untutored manner of expressing himself. But then, "il est plus homme que les autres hommes," so far as the nobler side of manhood is concerned. He is unimpeachably brave, morally, as well as physically, unblenchingly true in speech and action, and as loyal to his principles as if they were oaths newly sworn.

And in his honest, plain face, his strong grip, his deep voice, which is yet so gentle,—all this speaks: it is no wonder everybody bewails his departure, or that on this, his last evening, he has been besieged with invitations, which he has relinquished to sit where he sits now, by the sick-bed of a man nearly a stranger, whose fretfulness and terror have driven all others away. Shafto had had quite forgotten some jokes at his expense—a caricature of his own big clumsy self—the witty Irishman made for people to laugh at a month or two before, till reminded of both by somebody who wished to detain him, and then he had said, in scorn—

"Bear malice to him for *that*, poor fellow? By Jove, what an idea!" and had straightway, as related, betaken himself to the sick-room.

And I think, even if he could know what the faint hand that lies trustingly in his is to do to him one day, he would not cast it aside; but with a manly struggle, and a not less manly prayer,, would go straight on, loyally, with the duty next his own, and trust in God for help in the bitter end.

Poor Kilcourcy keeps stirring and muttering softly, and sometimes a sweet happy smile that lightens it strangely, creeps over his haggard face, making Shafto anxious; it seems so like a dying radiance. He sings too, weakly, over and over, the same words "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by," in a fond lingering cadence. At last, with a strength of which he seemed incapable, he starts up, stretches out open arms, and cries with a great sob of wonder and joy—

"O darling, I thought I'd lost you. I dreamt I was dying out there, alone; and you'd forgotten poor Dennis, and—"

He stops short in the outpourings which Shafto has not the heart to check; the empty air that his arms embrace gives sad and silent denial to that happy vision.

"O God!" he says, piteously; "it's *true!* O, why was I born?" And he falls back, and hides his face, trying to stifle in the pillow the bitter sobs that tear their way from his throat.

Becoming quieter, he looks up with sad confidence in the other's face. "I dreamed I was at—*home*," he says, yearningly. "It was so awfully real! I'd like to tell you about her, Elphinstone, if you didn't mind."

"Do, answers Shafto, soothingly, supporting him with a strong arm, and putting the pillows straight tenderly, if clumsily. "I've thought there was something."

"Have you?" asks Dennis, faintly. "Well, it isn't much of a story. I met her first at a ball. I don't know about her being so wonderfully pretty; but she was unlike all other girls in the room, and everywhere else. She made me feel worse than I had ever felt before, and yet wish more to be good—quite from the first moment. Well, I met her at a lot more places. I never meant to fall in love with her, nor to make her love me. * * I knew I was in debt, and awfully poor, and that I couldn't marry for years. When I thought there wasn't any danger, I didn't see why I should go away, and by the time I saw there was, I *couldn't*."

"Poor Paddy!" said Shafto, pityingly.

"And she * * * bless her!" continued Dennis, smiling a little, with the sublime triumph of a true lover, in spite of everything, at the thought; "she didn't want me to go. When I spoke to her and told her I had meant all along to do what was right and honorable, but how my love had got too strong for me, and I must speak—she spoke too. She told me she loved me, and that she was gladder and prouder of it than if I'd been a king on his throne; she said we'd wait for each other and be constant, and trustful, and true, all our lives. * * And I * * * But I needn't tell all that," sighed Dennis, wearily and mournfully. "It's so bitter now it's all over. Well * * * we went on loving and hoping; and I tried to get my affairs a little straight, and to find something to do at home. But I could not, and only got worse and worse off—and my leave was coming to an end, and everything. I know what it would be, leaving her with her people, who would persuade her I was a good-for-nothing scamp, and would try and make her marry one of the other men who liked her; for there were several. They would be there, and encouraged, and I far away, and abused. I was jealous, wretched, humiliated by being so poor, that I hadn't even a right to have a heart, it seemed; and I made her miserable, and even ill—my precious one. But still she bore with me, and tried to comfort me. * * O Elphinstone!" asked Dennis, turning his head sharply, and staring with anxious dilated eyes, "don't you think God 'll reward her for that—for all the pain, in some way?"

"Surely," answered Shafto, in a shaken voice. "Poor little girl! Yes."

"Things were in that way, when one day, just before I was going, by appointment, to meet her in 'the Row,' I got a note from a cousin of mine, who had not been long married, imploring me to see her instantly, saying she would wait in a quiet part of the park till I came, for it was a matter of life and death to her. I had not a moment to write to my darling, even if she'd been at home to receive a note. I went off at once to Nora—my cousin, and found her awfully upset. Her husband—quite a lad—was in an awful scrape, one she dared not breathe to any one but me; not even to me, till she had sworn me to secrecy. I gave her the best advice in my power (we had always been friends), and left her. It was late, and I thought it would be of no use going to the Row, though I was in sight of it. If I only had! Strange, how a day, an hour, spoils a man's whole life. * * though perhaps," said Dennis, slowly and painfully, "it's better as it is. I went to four o'clock tea at my darling's house (she'd asked me before.) They wouldn't let me in. I went away angry; but wrote and asked the reason, and begged her to see me next day. She wrote back to say 'Yes,' but in the coldest way. I found another fellow there when I arrived: this put me out, and I wasn't in a temper to receive meekly her hits at some crime of mine which I was unconscious of having committed. We quarrelled, and said hard things to each other. It came out at last that she had seen me with Nora. If I had been myself I'd have told her enough to content her; but I was in a rage, and too proud even to defend myself. I said if she couldn't trust me she didn't love me: and she said the want of trust was on my side. And so we parted," muttered Kilcourcy, with a groan, "like that—angry. * * * forever—"

"Didn't you try to make it up?" inquired Elphinstone, sympathetically, wondering simply at the madness related.

"No," returned Kilcourcy, his voice getting very faint. "I wrote five or six letters, and tore them up. I thought if she couldn't trust me she'd be too wretched when I was away. I knew I could *never* break it off if I didn't then—if I saw her or heard her voice. And I was an awfully bad match, and had no right to spoil her prospects, and make her unhappy besides. People had often told me so: but of course while we two were so perfectly happy in each other, I laughed at them. Now, I saw it all. So, to be out of temptation, I left town: I knew I should soon be far enough in India, for my leave was up."

"Did she write, or anything?"

"One little note; * * * it wasn't too warm."

"But that was an opening. Did you write back?"

"Yes." I said we'd better part; that it was all hopeless, and I couldn't bear things as they were any longer, so I was going away, but that I should always remember her, and pray for her happiness. Oh, I was a fool, a coward!" groaned Dennis, between his teeth. "But it's best for her. She'll marry a better fellow than I am, and one who can give her a home, and not burden her with his bitter troubles."

"Well."

"Well then I left, and came here. And it's all over," repeated Kilcourcy, dreamily.

"Perhaps not," suggested Elphinstone, cheeringly. "Perhaps you'll go home when you're better off, and find her true after all?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dennis, passionately throwing himself back on the pillow. "I'll never go home again, nor see her. She must be married by now." And as he lay, he writhed at the thought.

Shafto tried hard to comfort him. He had a momentary idea of doing something in a pecuniary way for this hapless pair; but Dennis's reiterated declaration that his love loved him no longer, coupled with the fact that men cannot receive these favors at each other's hand's, held him back from even its expression.

So when Dennis, exhausted with talking, muttered, "No—I love her, I worship her: but I'll never, never see her again!" he was silenced, and could only pity him with the protecting tenderness which men of his stamp sometimes have for a nature with feminine foibles like Kilcourcy's, and do his utmost to assuage the invalid's physical sufferings.

Dennis fell sound asleep at last; and Elphinstone left him at early dawn, breathing so softly that his chest scarcely stirred, and clasping in his wasted hand a little locket, which was the only remnant of his happy love.

The daylight which found him achingly awake to the reluctant care of nurses—amateur alike in love and skill—to heat, and weariness, and pain, and trembling terror, saw Shafto on board the vessel that was bearing him to his native land, to promised prosperity and popularity, and the choice, if he willed, of a fair bride. Yet, sobered by his vigil by that troubled sick-bed, this prayer rose to his lips—needless now, surely needed hereafter:—

"Grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise, that so, amid the sundry and manifold changes of this life, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Japanese Government has issued a decree for the toleration of Christianity throughout the country.

"MONSIEUR DE PARIS."

Death of the Headsman of France—The Story of M. Heindrich.

M. de Paris is dead! I do not speak of the Prince who takes his title from the French capital; but of that sinister personage who, according to Joseph de Maistre, is after the priest, the mainstay of social order, of political tranquility; the eliminator of the rankest weeds of humanity; the terror of the evil-doer, and yet an object of loathing to the just man; the executioner of Paris. M. de Paris made his exit from life's stage on the morning of Good Friday. Death gave him but a short notice. He was, when returning to his house in the Boulevard Beaumarchais from hearing a *Stabat* at St. Eustache, taken suddenly ill, and died some moments after, just as he reached home. A few days previously he expressed a fear that he would prove the victim of his recently extended sphere of official duties; for, in point of fact, since M. Dufaure became Minister of Justice, M. de Paris had a right to the style and title of M. de France. Within the last ten months he had to do the work of the eighty-four departmental executioners, whose posts M. Thiers abolished from motives of economy. A dreadful arrear of business fell upon his hand in consequence of the closing of the Law Courts in the invaded departments. Lemettre, the Tropmann of the North, was the last person M. de Paris sent out of the world. Three days before he presided at the triple execution of Chartres; and on his way to the Pas de Calais he assisted at the decapitation of a woman who had aided, in 1871, in murdering a peddler, and then attempted to lay her crime at the door of the Prussians. From a fear that if Lemettre were sent by rail from the town where he was convicted to the scene of his crimes, where he was executed, the train conveying him might cross that of the Prince of Wales, he and M. de Paris, attended by four *gendarmes*, were locked up in a prison van, and sent jolting for thirty miles distance over a roughly-paved road. This dismal journey greatly fatigued the headsman, who, when he made it, was past seventy, and had exercised his ghastly calling for fifty-four years.

The real name of M. de Paris was Aimable Maria Jean Baptiste Heindrich. He was an Alsatian, and the son of the public executioner of Toulon, where he made his debut on the guillotine at

A QUADRUPLE EXECUTION.

That (according to Joseph de Maistre) instrument of public health was then infinitely more clumsy than it now is. Fifty years ago stolid impassibility and muscular power were the qualities chiefly looked for in an executioner. The future M. de Paris possessed these qualities in a rare degree, together with a faculty for mechanical contrivance and a strong ambition to perfect Dr. Guillotine's invention. Canning, in the "Anti-Jacobin," spoke of touching "with fairy hand the frolic pi—." In his time it required a great amount of muscular force to get through the execution of any one who made a struggle for life. In the best of cases nothing short of a strong tug at a sort of cable brought down the cold steel knife upon the patient's head. The new decapitating-machine of the Roquette Prison, constructed to replace the one solemnly burned by the Commune, has all Heindrich's successive improvements. He christened it "Jacqueline," and took an almost paternal pride in pointing out its perfections. When the sphere of his duties became wide as the boundaries of France, he bargained with the *Parquet* that, whenever he should be sent to preside at a provincial execution, he was to take Jacqueline along with him. An eminent member of the French bar took me some years ago with a party of American young ladies to see as Paris lions, Heindrich and the ancestresses of Jacqueline. M. de Paris then lived in the royal suburb of Valois Champerret. He inhabited a pretty and very retired villa in Rue du Bois, just skirting the park of Neuilly. The garden was surrounded by ivy-covered walls. Some fine old trees shaded a corner of the house. Heindrich loved turf and the fine art, and was, when we invaded his domain, watering a close-shaven lawn, in the centre of which stood a marble Cupid. The mischievous little god was in the act of letting an arrow fly at a nymph some yards distant from him. M. de Paris seemed bewildered at the sight of the visitors. The writer of this letter was introduced as a person wanting some guillotine statistics for a benevolent society, and the young ladies as mere curious sight-seers—the daughters of an American Judge. Our cicerone informed M. Heindrich that being unable to see the Chamber of Horrors in Blue Beard's castle, they were determined to have a peep at the monster he had rendered so adroit. This compliment told.

THE HEADSMAN,

who at first looked very surly, became merely stolid. He was a very tall, muscular fellow, with blue, German eyes, thick, straight, ash-colored hair, heavy face, and sluggish movements. He apologized in very good French for being caught in his shirt-sleeves, and asked permission to leave us for a moment to dress, before taking us to see four cast off guillotines that were standing in the coach-house. Meanwhile, he begged us to step into his drawing-room, where there was a piano and an easel with paints and paint-brushes lying near it. An old servant who stole out of an adjacent kitchen during the master's absence to chat with the strangers, informed us that they were bought for the young lady, then under a disguised name at the most fashionable convent school in Paris. The "young lady" was Heindrich's adopted daughter. She knew nothing of her putative's father's profession. There was also "a young gentleman" at the Prince Imperial's Lycee, near Vanves. Before the master of the house returned, the garrulous crone managed to enlighten us as to his domestic arrangements, and the manner in which he was summoned from his household gods to discharge his public functions. A lancer brought him the summons from the Parquet, invariably at nine in the evening. Horrible detail—when the fatal missive was received, the headsman, after ordering a solid repast for three in the morning, in order to strengthen his nerves, went into the coach-house with an assistant, who served him for a gardener, to operate on a calf, which he kept for the purpose of rehearsing. The headsman returned, wearing his official suit of black, and a white cravat.

HE DID THE HONORS

of the coach-house with quiet ease, offered to send for a calf, which he said would cost him nothing, whereupon to test some recent improvements he had effected in the instrument. One of the questions put to him by me, in my assumed character of a member of a benevolent society, was, whether he thought the separated head continued to live after it rolled into the basket. He pondered a few minutes, as if to collect his memory, and then related instances which went to support an affirmative answer. His experience was very extensive, and he thought he had better data to go upon than no matter what member of the Academy of Science. How many persons had passed through his hands? 139! For a moment the idea crossed my mind that Heindrich might be haunted by the heads of those he had the most trouble in executing. But he appeared so unimaginative, not to say coldly stolid, that I half credit what he related to us of a woman's head making a faint effort to spit at him, and the violent contortions of Orsini's facial muscles. Heindrich took a pride in his thorough knowledge of his business. In point of thoroughness—to compare small things with great—he was in his way a Moltke. What do you think of an executioner following Velpeau's lectures to make himself acquainted with the exact locality of that point of the spine described by French anatomists as the *nœud vital?* On the eve of Tropmann's execution M. de Paris passed three hours in the parlor of the Governor of the Roquet prison, chatting on professional matters with a group of French journalists. The conversation happening to turn on the tortures inflicted on Chinese and Peruvian criminals, M. de Paris said: "I have read of what they call in China the torture of the ten thousand bits of flesh, which consists of cutting a living man into mince-meat. But the brutes engaged to do the work are so grossly ignorant that not one of them knows exactly where to find the joint."

Heindrich obtained the post of public executioner of Paris against 552 competitors. He had a fixed salary of 9000 francs a year, a "gratification" of 150 francs for every execution, an allowance for cabs and calves, and for coffee and brandy on the mornings on which he exercised his odious calling.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S farm at Mount Vernon contained 10,000 acres of land, about fifteen square miles, in one body, divided into farms of convenient size at the distance of two, three, and five miles from the mansion. These he visited daily in pleasant weather. In 1787, he had 580 acres in grass, sowed 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres with wheat, and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc., and 150 acres with turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 236 oxen, heifers, and steers, and 500 sheep. He kept constantly employed 250 hands, and kept 24 ploughs going the whole year, when the earth and weather would permit. In 1780, he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use of his own family and his negroes, for whose comfort he had great regard.

☞ Charles—Mary of Sorrows—John—Isidore—Joseph—Francis—Quirinus—Antony—Michael—Gabriel—Raphael is the euphonious name of the young man usually known as the Duke of Madrid, and who is at present making some noise in the world under the title of Charles VII. to his adherents, and Don Carlos to the world at large. The most that the current records of the time know of this latest Spanish pretender, is, that he was born on March 30th, 1848, and that he was married on February 4th, 1867, to a daughter of the ex-Ducal, and affiliated Bourbon house of Parma. Perhaps it should be added that this further fact is known, that the Duke and Duchess of Madrid have a daughter who appears to have one of the longest names on record. Here is the monstrous compound: Blanche of Castile—Mary of the Conception—Theresa—Francisca of Assissi—Margaret—Joanna—Beatrice—Charlotte—Louisa—Fernanda—Adelgonda—Elvira—Ildefonsa—Regina—Josepha—Michaela—Gabriela—Raphaela. A more atrocious jumble of historical personages, patron saints and archangels could hardly be imagined.

Truth and Poetry.

Milton puts into the mouth of Lucifer, in "Paradise Lost," these memorable words—

"TO BE WEAK IS MISERABLE."

Never was a truer sentence written than this—supposed to be from from the Arch-fiend in his impotence and agony. Every victim of nervous debility, or of that depressing languor which is one of the accompaniments of dyspepsia and biliousness, can testify to the misery of mind and body which they involve. The motive power of the system is partially paralyzed; the mind is haunted by anxiety and fear; and the sufferer is incapable of applying himself energetically to any kind of business as if he were under the benumbing influence of catalepsy. This terrible mental and physical condition need not, however, be endured for forty-eight hours by any human being. PLANTATION BITTERS is an absolute specific for all the torments which a deranged stomach, a disordered liver, and shattered nerves, superinduce.

☞ The author of a new work of travel in Australia says the aborigines, though often driven to cannibalism in self-preservation, during a dry season, seem to look on it generally as a sort of melancholy duty they owe their friends and he has seen native women carrying about the closely-picked bones of their dead relations for months at a time. Such devotion to the memory of loved ones is very touching!

Rupture.—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.

ap27-12t

☞ "Here, waiter," said a gentleman, as he was about leaving a hotel, "here's a dollar for you. I give it to you because you have attended my fire so well." "Thank your honor, may you live long, *and may I have the making of your fires hereafter!*"

"There was a frog who lived in a spring,
He caught such a cold that he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! in what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head" or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above-mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and their throats in tune by a timely use of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY and DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, both of which are sold by Druggists. 570.

☞ The mansion in which the famous Nathan murder occurred in New York, remains to this day just as it was on the night of that event. The blood-stained carpet has been taken up, but the deep stains which soaked through into the floor are indelible. The only tenant is a bulky German housekeeper.

How We Used to be Physiced.

Who does not remember the time when Spring purgation was considered indispensable to summer health? No matter for wry faces, the inevitable salts and senna, rhubarb, or calomel and jalap, must be administered. These "spring medicines" the youngsters were told, were to keep them hale and hearty during the summer. We all know now that this was a fallacy; that new vigor, not depletion, is what is required at the commencement of the summer solstice. As a preparation for the enervating effects of oppressive summer weather, a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is highly expedient. This famous vegetable preparation has three prominent properties: It renovates, purifies and regulates all the functions of the body. It is composed exclusively of pure vegetable productions, viz.: The essential principle of Monongahela Rye, and the most efficacious tonic and alterative roots, barks, and gums known to medical botanists. Hence it is an absolutely safe medicine, and no tincture of the Pharmacopœia can compare with it either in purity, or in the variety of its objects, and its comprehensive results. Happily for mankind, the theory that it was necessary to prostrate a patient in order to cure him, is forever exploded, and the true philosophical doctrine, that vigor is the great antagonist of disease, has taken its place. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is an invigorant, and hence it is the proper medicine for the feeble at this most trying season of the year.

Be sure that you obtain the genuine article, as there are innumerable vile imitations in the market. Look to the ornamental stamp, the engraved label, and the name blown into the glass. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is sold in bottles only. 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh30-3m

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh30-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $3.50 to $3—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $3.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

(Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumurous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO.,
my11-tf 32 Warren St., New York.

"Barnett's Toilet Preparations will speak for themselves."—*Charleston Mercury.*

☞ The number of inhabitants to a house is as follows in the following cities: London, 8; Berlin, 32; Paris, 35; St. Petersburg, 52; Vienna, 55. The mortality keeps pace with these numbers, being lowest in London and highest at Vienna.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($3.00) for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

FOR SALE.

An interest in this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is for sale to an active, competent young man with capital.

HINTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Venturing on a few plain axioms which all nurses, however limited in scope and ambition, should accept and remember, we note the following:—

Secure your patient's confidence. If he learns to doubt your memory or discretion, and feels obliged to keep the run of the medicines and the doctor's rules in his own head, so as to be able to remind you, he might as well have no nurse at all.

Watch his fancies. These "fancies" are often the most valuable indications of what will conduce to recovery. Not that they are always to be relied upon, still less indulged. But an observant nurse will discriminate and judge for herself.

Be quiet in movement and in voice. How a sick person learns to hate the fussy nurse—the loud nurse, the nurse that rustles. But "slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness and gentleness are quite compatible." It is not the absolute noise that harms a patient, it is the strain on his attention and nerves. A long, whispered consultation in the room or passage just out of his hearing, does him more injury than a drum in the street below his window.

Don't fidget. Don't weary the invalid with your mental processes. Irresolution is what sick persons most dread. People who "think outside their heads" should never be nurses.

Conciseness and decision, especially in little things, are necessary for the comfort of the sick—as necessary as the absence of hurry and bustle. A sick person should not be called upon to make up his mind more than once upon any matter. As well demand that he digest two dinners.

Divert. "A patient can just as much move his leg when it is fractured as change his thoughts when no external help from variety is given him." And this sameness is one of the main sufferings in sickness, just as the fixed posture is one of the main sufferings of the broken limb.

If you read aloud, don't drag and don't gabble. Above all, don't read bits out of some book which happens to interest yourself, in the vain hope of thereby entertaining your invalid. Few things create a more painful tension for weak nerves than this very common habit.

And lastly—with all reverence be it spoken—dismiss from your mind and speech the habit of laying upon "Providence" the blame which is due to human carelessness and human inefficiency. Providence—under the dearer and closer name of God—is with us in sickness as in health. But, to close with some of the best and bravest words spoken in our day: "He lays down certain physical laws. Upon His carrying out those laws depends our responsibility (that much-abused word), for how could we have responsibility for actions, the result of which we could not foresee—which would be the case if the carrying out of His laws was not certain? Yet we seem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—*i. e.*, break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility."—*Scribner's.*

Spring Again.

They are coming back—the old familiar features of the Spring-time. The elms are growing misty with swelling buds, the red maples are in bloom, the green blades of grass are shooting up through last year's rowen, and hepaticas have blossomed in sunny spots. How sweet it is that the awakening season of the year, though ever a surprise, is never strange to us. The old delights come back to awaken the associations of our youth. We know them all, and love them better for having known them all our lives.

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow in the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—
The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated,
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated.
It is the thing we know.

Kissing on the Stage.

A singular action for damages was recently brought against an opera singer in Vienna. In Nortzing's opera, "Waffenschmied," is a scene in which the hero has to kiss the heroine, first her hands, and afterwards on the lips. The latter kiss cannot be omitted, as mention is repeatedly made of it during the opera. At the first performance, the tenor, Herr Hauman, duly kissed the lady, Mdlle. Gindele, which so incensed her, that, finding she could obtain no redress from the manager, she forthwith entered an action against Herr Nauman. While the suit was pending, Waffenschmied was again performed, and the house was crowded by spectators curious to see how the kissing scene would come off. After Nauman had kissed the lady's hands, she interposed with: "There, I will not trouble you for the kiss on my lips," to which the ungallant tenor promptly retorted: "Thank heaven I have not to kiss that fright." Mdlle Gindele became so excited that she had to be carried off in a fainting condition, and has again complained to the manager. The result of the suit will be of special interest to stage jurists, as it will settle whether a kiss given in character to a lady on the stage, can be regarded as an insult by the recipient.

☞ The latest color in ladies' dry goods is known as "Pittsburg Sunshine."

☞ In New York, a gentleman is said to have recently broken off his engagement with a lady after the wedding cards had been printed, because she would not follow his advice as to how the bridal party should stand at the altar.

ALAS! IT WAS!

From daily toil to nightly rest
Along the streets I went:
At home, with love and honor blest,
And gratefully content,
I cared not though the rolling world
Held more than me and mine—
My home was all the sky o'ercurled,
My own were all divine.

I had a wife; to her I bowed:
That angels dwelt in heaven
I knew, and I was bold and proud
That one to earth was given.
She was that one; her folded wings
Would sometimes wander forth,
And then I knew such glorious things
Were never made for earth.

We had a child—oh, she was dear!—
A link from heaven given,
To tie this angel wife so near
To me, so far from heaven;
Six years of bliss and hope to me
That I was worthy her;
And then—oh, work of misery!—
I dug her sepulchre.

A few months more and all was o'er;
Those angel wings had gone
To waft her o'er the eternal shore,
And I was all alone:
Alone, but oft, in waking dreams,
I see those angel wings,
And start to learn what heedless gleams
My overfondness brings.

I feel the autumn chill of age:
'Tis winter in my breast:
I beg to close my pilgrimage,
And find the boon of rest.
But shall I see those seraph plumes?
And shall I know that angel child?
Alas! how foolish hope presumes,
And doubt and darkness drive us wild!

TO THE LADY OR GENTLEMAN WHO STOLE MY POCKET-BOOK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIR OR MADAM: Last week I wrote an article on the "Blessings of Poverty." This week you stole my pocket-book. That is to say, I wouldn't presume to put it "stole," exactly, but in a fit of absent-mindedness you put your hand into my pocket instead of your own, and carried my purse off with you to pay the milkman. *Volucrique similima somno.* That pocket-book stepped out like a winged dream. Victor Hugo speaks of "a revolving light on the coasts of scampdom." I beg your pardon, but that is yourself.

I guess you burnt your fingers when you got hold of that pocket-book. There wasn't much in it, and what was there was "valuable only to the owner." That wasn't you. And I guess you wouldn't have done it if you'd known I was a newspaper correspondent. Because anybody who would pick the pocket of a newspaper correspondent would cowhide his grandmother. Fact. If you had studied a month to find out the meanest possible earthly thing you could be guilty of, you couldn't have hit the nail on the head better than when you stole my pocket-book. "Many people can be very mean when they give their minds to it," says Tommy Traddles. You have "given your mind to it" with uncommon success.

Doubtless you've found out by this time how much, or rather how very little there was to be made out of my pocket-book. "Who steals my purse steals trash." I hope you'll enjoy it. Maybe now you'll take a European tour on it! In my mind's eye I fondly see you buying a diamond ring, or a steamboat with it. Or maybe a big newspaper office, or a gold mine or two.

Merciful Moses! but you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

That purse contained to begin on, a doctor's prescription for the ague. I sincerely hope you will make a mistake and take it, some day. I hope you will swallow the whole prescription at one dose. It will suddenly effect such a wholesale reformation in your moral character that you'll never pick another pocket. Never. My trunk key was also in the pocket-book. That's where I carry my trunk key when I'm afraid of losing it. My whole wardrobe is nicely and securely locked up in that trunk. I have not even so much as a clean handkerchief left out. I would like to have you pause for a moment and tell me what I'm going to do about it. There was also a brief document in the handsome penmanship of Mr. Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, certifying the owner of the pocket-book to be a person of affectionate disposition and good moral character. I hope to the gracious goodness you won't have the brass to go to passing *your* pretty face around the world on the strength of that letter. Then there was a little picture, a picture of a man with dark eyes, Burnside whiskers, and a lovely long moustache, the dearest man in the world. I would rather you had stolen my head than that picture. Something else there was, too, the merest bit of trash to you, but of infinite value to me. It was a withered rosebud, given me years and years ago, when I was young and green, by somebody who was young and green as I was. The happiest memories of my merry, happy youth clung around that foolish little relic of other days. What earthly use can a pickpocket make of a withered rosebud? And who shall replace its value to me? Besides that, that pocket-book was written over with notes and observations enough to furnish me with scribbling material for three months. I should like to know how I am going to get *them* replaced.

You stole my pocket-book! And I never missed it till I went to pay for a love of a spring bonnet, which the same it was a sailor hat. I put my hand in my pocket to get it and it wasn't there! Fancy my feelings, with my new hat already on my head, and I admiring myself in the glass! What a fall was there my countrymen, when I sneaked out of that milliner store with my old winter bonnet on, very much cut up in my feelings, and very much wilted down in my pride. But I hope I may be shot if I ever let anybody rob me again. I'll look out another time. And when I say that for about the hundredth time, somebody else says, "Oh, yes! much good that will do," and then grumbles out something which I hear indistinctly, about locking the horse after the stable is stolen.

I hope the loaf of bread which you buy with the money out of my pocket-book may have a fish-bone in it and choke you. Adoo.

ZIG.

[From the Nashville, Tennessee, Banner.]

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

A RAILROAD TRAIN PROPELLED BY ELECTRICITY.

The committee of scientific gentlemen appointed by the Board of Managers of the Nashville Industrial Exposition, to consult with the inventor of the lightning railroad, made the following report to the Board on Friday evening. The report has caused considerable expression and was extensively talked about yesterday in the city. With a view to satisfy the generally expressed anxiety on the part of the public, we visited the inventor, who very courteously exhibited to us his model of the railway car, and as far as he could, without compromising his interest at the Patent Office, the electric engine and the way in which he applied it to propel the cars. It is a very simple arrangement, and the only wonder to us is that the discovery has not been made before. The engine is composed of a number of magnets so as to obtain a motive power of eight hundred and fifty pounds, or a one-horse power. The armature is made to work similar to the pitman of a sewing machine, and takes the place of the piston of a steam engine. This works by breaking and closing the circuit—by the manipulation of a short, easy working lever, worked easily by the fingers of the hand, and so fast that the movement at either extremity is imperceptible to the eye, but makes it appear as a solid piece, like a red-hot rod or burning stick appears, if moved rapidly by the hand, a beautiful phenomenon often indulged in by children. This armature rapidly turns a driving-wheel similar to that upon Hoe's printing presses, by which an additional power is obtained by its momentum, and this works the wheels under the car, which propels it at a very rapid rate. The road being elevated upon a single row of poles, it is as level as a die, and the cars are consequently moved with the greatest ease. The engine, working as fast as lightning, the cars can be driven at a tremendous rate of speed. We should think one hundred miles per hour would be easily made, but they can be driven as slow as desired.

The inventor designed his invention to be used in carrying mails and express pack ges, which can easily be done at the rate of one hundred miles per hour, but the electro-magnetism as a motive power for small machinery will make the invention more useful and important.

The model exhibited to us shows the road, upon poles set in the curbstone or edge of the pavement, with safe and easy stairway to ascend to or descend from the cars. The single line of poles supports a double track for cars to run in opposite directions; the telegraphic lines of the different companies and of the fire-alarm telegraph and gas lamps to light the street. It is made very high so that it will not obstruct the street, but add to its beauty, and do away with the old-fashioned tramway street cars, the dread of owners of vehicles and the impediment of commercial intercourse in all cities. The cars will run noiselessly, and are the very thing needed upon all crowded thoroughfares.

Mr. William D. Gentry, the author of this wonderful invention, is the manager of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Office in this city, has been a practical telegraph operator for twenty-five years, and is one of the oldest operators now living. He has devoted eight years to the development of this invention, and we hope he will now reap the reward of his labors.

A working model, large enough to carry passengers or freight, will soon be put into practical operation.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

Cool and dark the shadows glimmered
In the gloomy, grim old wood,
Where, with careless lingering footsteps,
Wandered fair Red Riding-Hood.

Dark the shadows grow and dimmer,
While the gray wolf by her side
Promised—low and treach'rous pleading—
That no harm should her betide.

Beat her pulses swift and strangely,
Flittered fast her trusting heart;
Yet she told him all her errand
Ere at last they turned to part.

Well we know the tragic ending
Of the simple and old tale;
How, for once, in fairy stories
Evil projects did not fail.

Not all wolves are dead and buried,
Nor all maidens wiser grown;
Many hearts still flutter strangely
At a specious pleading tone.

Therefore linger not to listen
When your path by Wolves is crost,
Be you deaf unto the pleading—
She who hesitates is lost.

A Sensation at Harvard College.

A YOUNG STUDENT MISSING.

The Boston Post says:—

Last September a young man applied for and obtained admission to the Freshman class of Harvard College, who gave the name of Millard Fillmore Weber. He represented himself as a nephew of the illustrious statesman, and a scion of one the noblest families of the Empire State, and a member of the very *creme de la creme* of Gotham society. His off-handed manners soon made him a great favorite with the sporting element in his class and generally acquainted throughout the college. Procuring the service of a well-known Boston firm he had his room furnished in the most luxurious style; a fashionable tailor renewed his entire wardrobe on the strength of his supposed wealthy connections, and a private family was rejoiced to secure him as a boarder at a high figure. Weber lived fast all the time and made a continual boast of his aristocratic family and his wealth, though some of his classmates couldn't exactly see why it was that with all his wealth he never had any great amount of spare change, never could loan a five when called upon, and once in a while would be on the borrowing list himself. Still the young man flourished, and his incomparable "cheek" carried him along swimmingly. He managed to put off his fellow-students who held his promises to pay, eluded the eternal vigilance of the Faculty, snapped his fingers in the faces of the upholsterer and tailor, and heeded not the hints of his landlady until a few days ago. There had been a continuously loud knocking at his door for some time, and the time had come when he must either pay up or vacate the premises, and it seems that he concluded to do the latter. So one day last week he was among the missing, and he has not been heard from since. Investigation has disclosed that he owes over fifteen hundred dollars, and that the names upon the bond he gave the Faculty were forged, and that last year he played the same trick upon Trinity College, at Hartford. Where he came from, where he belongs, and whither he has gone, has not been found out.

FASHION.

George P. Fox, in his "Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Dress and Fashion," speaks of the potent influence exerted upon mankind by the quality of the clothes they wear. He says:

"The influence of dress on morals presents a theme for the pen of a philosopher; a merchant tailor, however experienced, can scarcely hope to do it justice. We will, however, venture to submit, that no civilized man is apt to commit a crime in a good suit of clothes. An easy and graceful garment is incompatible with a deed of violence. The serenity produced by a perfect-fitting suit puts one in good humor with all mankind. Arrayed in a fine and elegant costume, with the consummate polish of appearance which it is equally the duty and the pride of the conscientious artist tailor to impart, a man feels his responsibilities as a citizen, is inspired with a love of order, becomes refined and elevated in his tastes, is filled with respect for law, decorum and propriety, and finds in his own character a guaranty against temptation. Indeed, out of the immense number of customers who have honored the author with their patronage, we do not know of one who has ever been convicted of a crime. Many we have seen raised by that influence to exalted stations. Not one has been brought before a court of justice; not one but who sustains a fair and estimable character as an American citizen. Is it not evident that the secret of virtue is often found in the wardrobe—that a good dress is a great preservative of good morals."

☞ If you have a good live advertisement running through any list of newspapers, you have thousands of servants at work for you, whether you wake or sleep, whether you be sick or well. No monarch's slaves ever scattered at his bidding so fleetly or faithfully, or in such bewildering numbers, as the literary messengers that bear your individual word to the people of this great nation.—*Washington Star.*

THE WIND IN THE STREET.

A country wind is in the street;
'Tis blowing soft, 'tis blowing sweet;
How fresh it falls on cheek and eyes!
'Tis kissing us from Paradise.
Oh, it has travelled sea and height,
O'er thymy flowers, the red and white,
O'er golden gorse, and rosy belle
That spread their splendor to the dells;
It slumbered all a perfumed night
On hundred hues of blossoms bright;
And shook its wings in glowing skies,
Where lost in blue the planet dies;
And sped away to farm and fold,
All touched with morning's early gold.
It leaped upon the sleeping lake,
And waked the fawns with waving brake;
It rustled through the leaf-hung deeps
Where'er the shy-eyed squirrel leaps,
And out on grass and plough in line,
With song of birds and low of kine;
And now 'tis in the mist-blue street,
But newly thronged with passing feet!
Why blows it here so light and glad
On many a forehead dark and sad?
It is that God's immortal love,
From radiant places in Heaven above,
Has suddenly, in pity, come
To visit Man's o'erwearied home,
And breathes a breath of hope and life
On scenes of sorrow, care, and strife.

A FRENCHMAN'S BOW.

There are many theories on this deep subject; there have been many professors of the noble science of salutation; there are, even in these degenerate days, differences of opinion as to the exact nature and ordination of the movements which compose a bow; but the generally adopted practice of the best modern school is after this wise: When you meet a lady that you know, you begin, four yards off, by calmly raising your outside arm, right or left, as the case may be. There must be no precipitation in the movement, and the arm must be maintained at a certain distance from the body, with a sort of roundness in its curve and motion; that is, it must not come up too direct and especially not too fast. When the hand arrives at the level of the hat rim, it must seize it lightly, slightly, with about half the length of the fingers, it must slowly lift the hat, and slowly carry it out in air to the fullest length of the gradually-extended straightened arm; but not in front, it must go out sideways, horizontally from the chest, and on a level with the shoulder; this part of the operation must last several seconds. Simultaneously the hat must be turned over, by a calculated, gradual movement, in exact proportion with the progress of its passage through the atmosphere, so that, starting perpendicularly with the crown upwards, it may describe a complete semicircle on its road, and reach the extreme limit of its distance at the precise instant when it has become upside down, and the lining gazes at the skies. At the instant when the hat is lifted from the head, the body begins to slightly bend, the inflection being so organised that the full extent of curving of the spine shall be attained concurrently with the greatest distance of the hat. A slight respectful smile is contemporaneously permitted to flicker furtively about the corners of the mouth. Then the hat comes slowly sweeping back again, its inward motion presenting the exact inverse of its outward journey; the back grows straight once more, the smile disappears, the hat resumes its accustomed place, the bow is over, the face grows grave, and you, the author of that noble act, murmur within yourself, "I think I did that rather well." But if the lady should stop to speak to you (she alone can determine whether conversation shall take place out of doors,) you remain bareheaded; the arm is slowly dropped till the now forgotten hat hangs vacantly against the knee; the back continues somewhat bent; and when the talk is over—when, with a half-curtsey and an inclination of the head, the lady trips away—the bending of the body becomes profound, the hat starts off once more to the full distance which the arm can cover, but at a rather lower altitude than before, it executes a majestic, radiating sweep through space, and then goes on to the hair, and all is over. Written description renders the whole process somewhat absurd, but the impression is very different when the act itself is contemplated. Modern manners offer scarcely any form of deference so grand, so thorough, so striking in its effect, as a really well-executed bow. English and American people are rarely able to judge it rightly, for their notions and practices on the subject take so different a form that the Frenchman seems to them to ridiculously exaggerate when he superbly waves his hat all round him; but, on the other hand, the American fashion of salute is miserable and contemptible in Gallic eyes, and is, especially, utterly inexpressive of the courtesy and the homage which men ought to manifest towards women. In France the very boys know how to bow; and though the nation exhibits every sort of degree of capacity in the matter, from the highest to the lowest, the dogma that bowing is a really important function is believed in almost everywhere.

The children are generally well-mannered; they are seldom rough or boisterous; their almost constant contact with their mothers and their mother's friends gives them, from their babyhood, a glimmering of the sort of voice and attitude which ought to be adopted before strangers. There are exceptions in any quantity; vulgar parents usually make vulgar offspring, but the mass of boys and girls—particularly the latter—are fairly well behaved, and do not show loutishness or stupidity when spoken to. One of the great causes of the ease with which, as a whole, the French act towards each other, lies in this early training. A boy of ten knows perfectly that if his father meets a lady in the street, and stops to speak to her, his own duty is to take his hat off and to stand bareheaded. He knows that it would be rude to shake hands with anybody, man or woman, without uncovering; his mother tells him, his father sets him the example, so it seems quite natural to him; he does it simply, without *mauvaise honte*. In the same way he learns to be cool and self-collected even if anything occurs which draws attention to him in a crowd. If he drops his book at church and has to leave his place to pick it up, he does not blush—he sees no reason why he should. The girls do not giggle and look foolish if their hair comes down or their hat falls off; they rearrange themselves with perfect calm and self-possession, utterly unconscious that any one is looking at them, and indifferent if they know it. From these early habits they grow up to regard all ordinary movements as being permissible in public. This is why a Frenchwoman takes off her bonnet and smooths her hair before the glass in a railway waiting-room or restaurant, or regulates her skirts, or puts in order her baby's clothes before fifty people. In her eyes all such things are so natural, so matter of course, that she has no kind of motive for making any fuss about them; she does them just as if she were at home—and she is right. The advantage of being educated with views of this sort is immense; the views themselves are wise and practical, and their realization has a marked effect on the development of simplicity and naturalness in manners.

☞ A man out West undertook to play with a lion at the menagerie the other day. He says he finds it mighty hard to write with his left hand, but that he misses his eye more than anything else. His nose was always a trouble to him.

☞ A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original bark. He calls it the Sulphate of Canine.

PERSONAL.

JOHANN STRAUSS, the distinguished German composer, will arrive in this country next month. Abt, equally distinguished, is already here and will visit Philadelphia on the 15th inst., when he is to have a brilliant musical reception.

WITH breathless haste we transfer the following announcement from the editorial columns of the London Court Journal:—"The Princess of Wales has discontinued the use of the chignon."

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S income from his real estate and newspaper is $225,000 per year, and that of his son $45,000. A young lady at our elbow, beautiful and clever, inquires whether the son is a bachelor.

MISS HOSMER, the sculptor, was recently thrown and dragged thirty yards behind a runaway horse in Rome, but escaped with only flesh wounds, and is now convalescent.

MRS. DICKENS, deeming that Mr. John Forster has not fully and fairly told the story of her divorce from her husband, proposes to come before the public with an accurate statement of that matter.

A COLLECTION of personal jewelry belonging to the Empress of the French, consisting of some beautiful brooches, bracelets, necklaces, and fans, is at present offered for sale in Amsterdam.

WACHTEL boasts of his ability to crack a whip in the "Postillion" in a manner to render it in unison with the music, and is said to have offered $50 000 to any one who can produce the same effect. The cord is of silk, and is prepared by himself.

PROF. AGASSIZ was arrested in Montevideo while filling his pockets with pieces of rock. The natives probably took him for a crazy man.

VICTOR HUGO is not only an author, but an artist, says a Paris letter. His drawings partake of the character of his writings, and are startling in their conception. Among the subjects are strange, weird moonlight scenes, with many-towered Gothic castles, such as may be seen only in dreams, and of a style of architecture peculiar and original. A collection of fifty of his best works is shortly to be given to the world in the form of an album.

VERDI'S health is feeble, and he is going to Egypt again to get some more sands of life.

TWO HUNCHBACKS celebrated their nuptials in Paris the other day, in the presence of thirty invited guests, also hunchbacks. At the wedding ball the musicians were hunchbacks—as was every dancer.

MR. JULIUS A. SUMNER, of Akron, Ohio, says he is the man who rode on the first passenger car ever drawn upon a railroad in the United States, that he sailed on the first steamboat that ever navigated Lake Erie, and that he was the first man to build a rolling-mill and nail-factory in Ohio.

THEY tell big stories about the voice of a Western basso. At the Chicago fire, the singer, who was in the fifth story of a burning hotel, "hastily ran down the scale and made a complete staff. Fastening the top note to the window shutter, he slid to the ground unharmed, although he has been a trifle hoarse ever since." That's a pretty tough story, but we will try to believe it.

RUMOR has it that, when she sent home her last $150,000, Nilsson cried because it wasn't a clear $200,000, and Strakosch brought out "Hamlet" to dry her tears.

BIG BRAINS seem to produce a great variety of results. Fisk's brain weighed fifty-eight ounces; Daniel Webster's weighed but fifty-three and a half, Cuvier had sixty-four and a half, while Professor Abercombie possessed sixty-three; Ruloff, the murderer, who was executed at Binghampton last spring, had fifty-nine ounces of brain.

In the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare there is evidence, which the unskilful artist of that work evidently attempted to obliterate, that Shakspeare had a scar over his left eye, of such a nature as to cause the skin to adhere to the bone. Mr. Page, our distinguished artist, who is constructing a bust of Shakspeare from the recently-discovered German cast of his head, has found the sign of this scar in the cast, which demonstrates its authenticity. Mr. Page thinks one of Shakspeare's sonnets contains a distinct reference to this same scar.

WACHTEL, the tenor, besides having achieved the highest fame in his profession, has the added happiness of a delightful family. He has been twice married, and has eight children. His second wife, a beautiful Rhenish blonde, accompanies him in a tour through this country. His permanent residence is in the German watering-place Wiesbaden, one of the finest spots in Europe; and there is the "Villa Wachtel," known as one of the most elegant and comfortable residences.

"ZE GREAT SENSATION," as Max Strakosch calls her, (Adelina Patti,) is surely coming here. She is at present singing in Vienna, and will remain there till the 25th of April. From the 1st of May to the 22d of July she will sing at Covent Garden, London; from the 1st of August to the 24th of September in Homburg; and on the 23d of October she will return to Moscow. From the 1st of December to the 2d of March, 1873, she will fulfill a farewell engagement at St. Petersburg, prior to her long-promised trip to America.

THE banking house of Coutts & Co. has a peculiar history. It is the financial depository of all the old English aristocracy from the Queen down. Her Majesty's "pass-book" is a superb book, inlaid with gold, bearing the royal arms, in which all the entries are made in the finest penmanship. It is one man's work to attend to the Queen's account, which is superintended by the "Keeper of the Privy Purse." The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has the interest of the employes of the bank much at heart. It is a hard matter to get into the bank. Noblemen's sons now seek positions in the establishment, and some of the partners are noblemen. College-educated men are alone taken as clerks, and then an examination is gone through, which is conducted with strictness, as is the examination into the family, reputation, and general recommendations of the applicant. For every vacancy there are hundreds of applicants. But when admitted, a clerk has a fine position. He will be told, on his being admitted, that he must not wear a mustache, but simply side whiskers; and in his dress, although nothing will be said to him on the subject, every modesty of style will be expected of him. This is done on account of the great dislike the real aristocracy of England have for the gaudy, showy fop of the middle classes, who so often, in his ignorance and self conceit, apes the gentleman.

THE New York Standard has the following items in relation to the principal artists of the Nilsson and Rosa troupes. "Parepa Rosa received quite an ovation after arriving on the deck of the Cuba, the vessel which was to convey her to Europe. She will remain awhile in London, and then sing on the Continent, and will return here in about two years with her husband, who is a naturalized American, and very fond of his adopted country. Miss Nilsson was brought from New York to the Cuba on a small steamer, which was decorated with flags, and the time made pleasant by the performances of a band of fine musicians. Among the other passengers on the Cuba were the following: Mr. H. C. Jarrett, who goes to Europe to arrange matters for the coming of Lucca and De Murska. He has been the business agent of Miss Nilsson during all her tour of America. Max Maretzek, who is also going abroad to arrange for the Lucca season, in the management of which he is associated with Mr. Jarrett. Mr Maurice Grau, whose journey is made for the purpose of securing the pianist Rubinstein for a concert tour in this country. Miss Clara Doria, the young English prima donna, who has been singing of late very acceptably with the Parepa troupe. Miss Doria will probably return to this country next fall. Mr. Charles Santley, who leaves behind him the reputation of being the most admired baritone who has ever visited our shores. Mr. Tom Karl, the tenor, who expects on his return to England to sing in English opera. Mr. William Castle, the tenor, who has for several years been the favorite interpreter of English opera in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, who have shown versatility and ability in the minor operatic roles. Wachtel, the tenor, will leave in a German steamer to-day. On the 18th instant, the Ville de Paris will convey from our shores the baritone, M. Barre, and the basso, M. Jamet.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The skies of Italy seem here to-day,
The soft blue ether, fringed with pearly white,
Bathed in a silvery, translucent light,
Stole from a southern heaven its tempered ray.
Caught by the roguish hands of laughing May;
Old Time is prisoned in his winged flight—
The willow whispers to the wavelets bright,
Who in return its graceful form portray.
Garlands of sweet day lilies we will make,
Or catch the lily leaflets, flutt'ring down,
Or fragrance from the nodding violet's shake,
'Neath hoary beeches, gnarled and rough and brown,
Or lie at full length in some lonely dell,
Dreaming that there, still, wandering fairies dwell.

LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

POETS AS READERS.

I have heard poets—ay, and some great ones—read their own compositions; and I confess that I wished some other persons had done it. To hear Coleridge, with half-closed eyes, and a measured, sing-song intonation, repeat that exquisite poem of love, beginning

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;

was more strange than agreeable; for one might have smiled had any one but the author of the melodious and exquisitely tender lines so uttered them. Southey would square his elbows, and, if you asked him (for he was chary in presenting his effusions even to private friends,) read page after page from "Roderick" or "Thalaba," evidently without exhibiting any of the author's proverbial self-appreciation. Wordsworth, on the other hand, read his compositions as if his desire was to make the listener believe that they were ordinary prose. Moore, whose musical utterance of his own lyrics subdued his listeners into silence and tears, would *read* them in a see-saw manner, as if he were ashamed of them, and desired to get rid of the task-work, and dip into a beaker of champagne. Lover would warble his songs like a bird—only too palpably imitating, without catching, Moore's grace and tenderness; but, when he tried to *read* them, his monotony was melancholy. Byron I have heard from those who knew him well, always preferred that others should read his poetry, knowing that his own way of doing it was the reverse of good. Charles Dickens whose prose so often was poetry, read his own writings admirably. The art of concealing art was exhibited to a great degree, in his case; he read with a fine disdain for the practised professional elocutionist, who impresses on his pupils the necessity of giving a separate and distinct action with every word. I once heard Walter Scott repeat a few lines of his own composition, and, with all my admiration for him, felt that he accentuated the wrong words, and failed to bring out the full meaning of the passage. Once, also, I heard him repeat with infinite feeling and effect a few stanzas from one of the old ballads which he loved so well. To the poetry of others he could do justice, and did.

LOVE AND MOONLIGHT.

Was there ever a more inveterate match-maker than our lonely satellite? Speaking seriously, no known influence—not even the excitements of social life, not even stimulating drink—has wrought more mischief or developed more of the genius and poetry of human life, than that exerted by the uncanny, subtle gaze of that pale staring face. No poet, no man of science, no philosopher, no student of human nature, no true physician ignores the moon. The infallible authority regarding all points common to humanity, Shakspeare, depicts two lovers transformed, beneath the moon's influence, to most exquisite poets. In the weird, witching light, wit and fancy take flight together and still they sing of love—

Lorenzo.

The moon shines bright: In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise: in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica.

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow, ere himself,
And ran, dismayed, away.

Lorenzo.

In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica.

In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY CAKE.—Prepare a pound cake; mash ripe strawberries, and drain them; spread the fruit evenly on the cake, and frost the top; stick large ripe berries on the cake, before the icing sets, sweeten the juice, and serve it with the cake; this is a proper dinner dish, but is good for tea also.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTERS, OR CLAMS.—Get very tender sirloin steak; remove the bone, and lay it on the gridiron over hot coals. Have ready large fat oysters or clams. When the steak is browned a little, dip it in the gravy prepared as directed with the addition of the oyster juice; which, if as salt as usual, will salt the gravy sufficiently; lay the beef on the gridiron again, and when a little hot put the oysters on it, pressing the meat a little to make hollow spots to retain their juice; cover the whole gridiron with a bright tin pan or cover; when the oysters are heated a little, turn them over, and when heated through, remove the steaks to the platter; lay the oysters round the edge of the meat in the gravy, and serve immediately.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cover the bottom of a deep plate with paste, as directed in pastry. Cut the beef in pieces, convenient for the mouth; spread them evenly over the paste; then add butter, flour, pepper, salt, and water; cover with paste, press the edges firmly, and cut a gash in the centre of the pie: it is good cold or hot. If to be used cold, make a gravy by boiling a bit of the bone, seasoning it the same as the pie; heat the gravy, and serve it with the pie. Potatoes are all the vegetables needed—they should be mashed. These pies can be made from cold beefsteak left the day before, but are not quite as good.

CORN STARCH CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, one of corn starch, two of flour, the whites of seven eggs beaten stiff; mix in the flour and starch; two-thirds of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoon of soda; put together like bride's cak; bake quickly.

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MORITURUS.

A SPRING LAMENT.

The sweet, wild pansies bloom upon the meadows,
The happy sunshine flits in light and shadows,
The song birds, in this sweet spring time of flowers,
Wake hope and joyance in the morning hours.

The late hill-snows are melting to the river,
Into the Ocean of the Past forever;
The Spring grows warm, and I but linger here,
A fluttering leaflet in the fresh, green year.

Yet, still the sweet old beauty sets one yearning—
Almost I feel the lusty life returning;
And fain would sing, swan-like, ere yet I die,
One last, low note of lingering melody.

The bright birds round my casement-pane beguiling
The hours in grateful indolence—the smiling
Burst of gay sunshine as they come and go,
Warm my chill heart with an ecstatic glow.

Oh! to be up and staff in hand a roaming
My healthy hills from morning-tide till gloaming!
O! for another stroll in this sweet Spring,
That mocks me thus with its glad welcoming!

Must it be so—that this young hour of dreaming,
That this sweet snatch of Paradise discerning,
A living hope in every transient breath,
Must melt into the shadow-land of death?

I leave my sunshine and my golden meadows—
I feel the darkness of the coming shadows;
The good, sweet company I loved of yore
Fades fastly from me now forevermore.

And this is life, and this a poet's yearning?
Is it, ye gifted, worth such passionate yearning?
Still, the great heart, the noble voice shall give
A watchword to the younger ones that live.

Bloom, my sweet meadows! Ring, my loved Spring voices,
O, blessed earth! wherein one heart rejoices;
The passing soul, in thy glad welcoming,
Sees out the dawning of the Eternal Spring!

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEALING OUT THE CARDS.

Mr. Rokeby, after the sudden arrest in his pursuit of Mark Jarrett's Daisy, returned home, retired to his study, and pursued a course of close and severe reflection.

Roused from a fit of abstraction while on horseback by the ejaculation which burst from his son's lips, and which was repeated by his wife, he caught the vision of a young girl's face floating by him, which, not alone for its beauty, transfixed him with amazement. It had, by its winning sweetness, no less than its supreme beauty, enchained many eyes beside his own and those of the members of his party—not a few of the number being rather venerable orbs; but, as we have said, it was not alone its beauty which spell-bound him. It was its wondrous resemblance to a face he had not gazed upon for long, long years—a face which when he had seen it last was almost as young as this which now troubled him.

Troubled him it certainly did. So troubled him as to make him pace his study in a state of perturbation, perplexity, and distraction.

In his conversation with his wife, previous to their departure from Fairholme Priors for London, when speaking of Mrs. Gray Luttrell, he had remarked that she had had a face which was unique; yet the one flashing glimpse he caught of the face of Mark Jarrett's Daisy assured him that it had been reproduced.

What was yet more surprising and embarrassing to him was the conviction that such an exact resemblance could not have been the result of an accident—a mere coincidence.

He was quite aware that resemblances between individuals who have no blood affinity are commonly to be met with: that they crop up in unlooked-for places, and at unexpected moments, and on that very account it is one of the most difficult things in the world to establish irrefragable proofs of identity. But here was a similarity of a different class, for if ever he felt a conviction established in his mind at once, and without a qualification, it was that the countenance of the girl called Mark Jarrett's Daisy was the counterpart of Mrs. Gray Luttrell's when a girl of the same age, and that it was not fortuitous.

What a field of inquiry this positive impression opened up in his mind! What difficulties it presented to him to contend with, and how imperative were its urgings for immediate and continuous action!

But when and how to begin? How was he to obtain, without the smallest delay, access to Mark Jarrett's Daisy, examine slowly and with deliberate care her lineaments, and put to her questions the answering of which in a certain way would completely revolutionize all he had been doing—all for which he had passed so many of the best years of his life in seclusion?

The few inquiries he had addressed to his son Wil he knew the latter had fenced with, and for the present it did not at all suit his plans to discuss the matter with Mrs. Rokeby.

In all ways it was a distressing theme to her, and handle it how he might, he was sure that, without desiring to do so, he should wound her pride, pain her feelings, and in all probability make an enemy of one whom he was extremely anxious, in the complicated affairs he had to wrestle with, to range on his side as a friend. So he determined to prosecute his purposed inquiries without, for some time, at least, conferring with either.

Especially, too, as Gabrielle Luttrell, so called, now stood in his path a spectre he knew not how to banish, although he had raised it up himself.

Between her face and that of Mark Jarrett's Daisy, as bearing very much closer than what is termed a family liken as to her maternal parent, he had not a vestige of doubt, and now he saw the consequences of his natural and but too often unreflective impetuosity.

Titus Vink had approached him, bearing a little baby girl, accompanied by some exceedingly cunningly-devised credentials, which had been constructed to show that the infant was the orphan child of the late Gray Luttrell. He believed the credentials at once, being himself open-minded and free from craft, and immediately proceeded to act on directions for which reasons were furnished, which led him into the maze it had been designed to lure him.

He presented the little orphan unhesitatingly to his wife as her lost sister's child, and bade her receive it and rear it as such. To her quick, eager, numerous questions he opposed a quiet, cold reserve, intimating that they suggested a feeble affection in the sister who had mysteriously disappeared from her, and he quitted her without offering or attempting to offer, or even possessing, proofs which would enable him to establish the identity of the child beyond a doubt.

Now he regretted his precipitancy, and yet more bitterly the reserve which had prevented him taking his wife into his councils. He did not doubt that if he had, her acute mind would have sifted the documents which had arrived with the child, and would have enabled him to lay bare the extraordinary deception.

Extraordinary, for what could be its motive?

Who was she? Why had she been palmed on him for Mark Jarrett's Daisy, whom for an instant he did not doubt was the child who ought to have been brought to him.

How had Mark Jarrett obtained possession of that child?

And now a flash of intelligence went through his mind.

Mark Jarrett it must have been who had duped him with Gabrielle, while he had kept the little golden treasure in his own hands.

Something like daylight glimmered before him, and he almost shivered as he foresaw the terrible, dangerous, slippery path he would have to pursue to come face to face and grapple with so wily and malevolent a foe as Mark Jarrett.

What was to be done with Gabrielle—she who from her earliest childhood had lived beneath his roof as his niece, and whom he had betrothed through her "next friend" to his son, binding himself by extraordinary penalties to ensure and complete the fulfilment of the contract?

With a cold shudder he remembered the pitiless, cold, immovable character of her "next friend," and with an equal freezing of the heart he recollected that Gabrielle had in all the deeds been recited as "the young lady called and known as Gabrielle Luttrell," which rendered it legally a matter of no moment whether she was or was not the daughter of Gray Luttrell.

However, the trouble was to be met, faced, and fought out, and the next point was how it was to be done.

After anxious reflection he decided to let affairs apparently pursue their usual course, while in secret, and by means of agents, as well as his own exertions, he hoped to obtain possession of Mark Jarrett's Daisy. He knew it to be essential that Mark Jarrett should not have the least suspicion of his intention, or he might as well try to get hold of the North Star with a single clutch at it, and put it under lock and key, as possession of the beautiful likeness of Helen Amy, endearingly termed Fay Vaux—lost Mrs. Luttrell—to whose praises he had listened at Fairholme Priors with what he now regarded as astounding indifference.

At the same time it struck him that it would be a clever thing to induce Gabrielle to marry some gentleman of position with her own assent, and by her own wish. If she refused to complete a contract of marriage with his son, it would absolve him from being amerced in any way, and leave him free to carry out a great, and what he believed to be a good end.

First of all, however, he hungered to get hold of Titus Vink again without a moment's delay, as he intended to subject him to a most searching interrogation concerning the real facts of the little foundling, Gabrielle, and he determined that the torments of the rack should be as the ticklings of a straw to the tortures he would inflict on the Shining Light of Little Bethel if he withheld the truth from him, or falsified circumstances to exculpate himself.

He sat down and wrote a short, terse, but exceedingly suggestive note to him, bidding him attend him in London immediately, and not to fail at his peril.

While giving instructions to his man-servant to convey the letter to the post, there came a gentle tapping on the door, and a low, silvery voice exclaimed—

"May I come in, please!"

It was the voice of Gabrielle. He dismissed his servant hastily, and proceeding to the door handed the young demoiselle across the threshold, and conducted her to a chair.

He gazed at her askance, as she moved with a graceful dignity, and he scrutinized her features with a close yet furtive perusal, while he thought—

"How could I have been so deceived. There is not a trace of Fay's laughing, winning face. Yet this girl is of no common origin."

While she was arranging her pale, silvery blue dress into elegant folds on seating herself, and doing so with natural preciseness, he threw himself into a chair, and gazing still attentively at her, said, quietly, and in spite of himself a little coldly—

"To what especial favor am I to attribute this, excuse me, evidently formal visit to my spider-nook?"

She smiled placidly. No one could tell what thoughts were disquieting her when she did not intend to betray them.

"I suppose, uncle dear, that in your wise, magisterial eyes I am of no more account than a fly—a common house-fly. I do not believe the horrid, dust-colored creatures, with such a superfluity of legs, ever feed on beautiful, filmy, gauzy winged insects, which look as if they were flecks of rainbows," she responded, in her affected fluty tones. "But do not imagine, for all that, that I look on you as an occult spider, or a magician owl, quite unapproachable, unless under some desperate influence. I should very, very often be delighted beyond measure to share your re—recluseness. Is there such a dreadful word?"

He bent his head assentingly, with a smile.

"It is awfully ugly—reclusseness," she proceeded, in the same voice. "But you intimate so palpably with your eyes—"

"Owlish eyes," he demanded, affecting a playfulness of tone he was far from feeling.

"Are Willy's eyes owlish?" she asked, with pretended reproachfulness. "Do not *all* the appreciative of *my* sex say they are awfully lovely? And are not Willy's eyes like *yours*, uncle dear, ex-actly?"

"Proceed," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, with an expressive movement of his hands. "I see that we are rapidly approaching the especial favor."

"Yes," she returned, with a slight flutter of her eyelids; "but not the especial favor which you suggest I am bestowing on you in penetrating into the very inmost recess of your Arctic regions. No," she continued, without hesitation, yet musingly, "it is the especial favor I have ventured upon this sequestered hermitage to seek at your hands."

"Daring the hazard of being converted into a block of ice by the killing frost of my demeanor."

"Well, I declare that I should have had to screw up my courage at the Priors very tightly indeed before I dared thread the mazy passages that led to your holy of holies there," she replied, in the same affected, yet self-possessed, voice. "For there you were a truly grim griffin; but London has changed you *so* much. Your aspect is *so greatly* altered for the better. Your valet and your tailor have achieved wonders. You are not only lively and gay-spirited, but you *look* Willy's elder brother, and you know, dear uncle, how very attractive cousin Wil's appearance is."

If she had forced a dart of electric fire through his chest she could not have inflicted a more sudden or sharper pain upon him than she now did by the seemingly natural use of the word "cousin." It grated harshly on his ears, and though she betrayed no sign, the same word jarred with a numbing coldness on her heart.

"His brow slightly lowered, and he said, a little grandly—

"Flattery was an offering never tendered for my acceptance even by you, Gabrielle, at the Priors. It would have been distasteful to me to the last degree. In London, on that point at least, my feelings remain unchanged."

"Oh, fie, uncle dear," she retorted, quickly, and with assumed sprightliness, which, however, had the effect of falling snow in sunshine. "You never paid compliments at the Priors—even to me. Yet in London you compliment the young and *fair* right and left. I am sure that last evening, at the Countess of Cressingham's reception, you carried on quite a flirtation with the Honorable Miss Lois Gray, the most brainless, chattering, boisterous creature I ever saw. She is always flinging herself upon you like a cloud of sea spray. You know it is nothing of the least consequence, but it is none the less unpleasant. Yet you flattered her immensely, uncle. You *are* changed in that respect."

Now the word uncle, unnoticed before, stabbed him as sharply as the word cousin had done; a shade passed over his face, which she observed, but did not correctly interpret.

He elevated his eyebrows, and returned, impatiently and evasively—

"*Pish!* The Honorable Miss Gray is like a very large portion of her sex—no worse, no better. Flattery is a woman's nectar. You offer it to her as you would toss crumbs of sweet cake to birds to entice them to you. Perhaps I had a motive in flattering Miss Lois Gray. What if she could communicate to me information to be obtained from no other source, and that information was of importance to an end I have in view?"

Gabrielle raised her pale eyes instantly to Mr. Rokeby's face, and scanned it with an eager questioning. A torrent of conjectures whirled through her brain, like a troop of famished wolves in search of something to seize upon and devour. An end in view! What end could he have in view which Miss Lois Gray could serve by revelations? She found it impossible then to apprehend; but she resolved to fasten an acquaintanceship on Miss Lois Gray immediately, and extract from her all, and perhaps more, than Mr. Rokeby thought desirable for her to acquire.

At the same time she said, naturally and intuitively, but also unreflectingly—an unusual thing for her, and it would not now have occurred but that her mind was preoccupied—

"What end in view, uncle, dear? Do tell me, *Do!*"

He started, and bit his nether lip. He found that he had made an admission he had not had the slightest intention of letting slip, and he hastily rejoined—

"It is an exclusively personal matter, upon which I cannot submit to be questioned, Gabrielle. Be good enough to communicate the object of your present visit to me—for I have an engagement which is nearly due."

A cold thrill went through her, and her blood curdled as those words penetrated her ears. Not at the words themselves, though they had an ominous character, did she feel emotion; but it was the tone in which they were uttered, and the look which accompanied them, which froze her. Hitherto he had been all tenderness to her; he modulated his voice to softness when he addressed her, and his eyes always bore an expression of sympathetic kindness, which now seemed like magic to have vanished from them. What did it mean? What did it portend?

It was a very disquieting discovery, too, to make at the time she was about to prefer a request under the tyrannous influence of Colonel Waldron, and for the instant she resolved to abandon it, and coin something on the spur of the moment which would pass current with Mr. Rokeby, however puerile it might seem. But then she remembered Colonel Waldron's menaces, and the hard expression of his eyes when he breathed them in her ear, and she went on with her task.

It was a terrible effort to seem at ease, to speak, in a playful tone, and wear a face as smooth and unimpassioned as if it were an alabaster nymph's fresh from the sculptor's hands; but she slightly elevated her shoulders and her eyebrows, and exclaimed—

"Oh, pray do not be glum with me, uncle dear. I am but a daughter of Eve, and curious, you know; but do not satisfy me, please do not. I hate secrets; they worry me, and I never keep them. There! Now, uncle dearest, for my grand favor. Guess what it is. Do guess!"

"If it were Mrs. Rokeby who asked me, I should guess a horse worth, at least, two thousand guineas," he answered, dryly. "If it were Wil—ahem—I—say—if it were—Wil it would be something impossible to grant," he added with a sudden embarrassment, and concluded rapidly. "But you, Gabrielle, place me beyond the power of guessing. You have always been so commendably moderate and reasonable in your requirements."

"A model young maiden," she ejaculated venturing upon a laugh, which both felt to be ill timed. "Well, uncle to my task," she resumed. "I will get over it as quickly as I can and you must promise not to catechise me, and press inconvenient whys and wherefores upon me. It will be sufficient for you to say 'Yes,' and then I shall know that you are still to me as kind, as good, as thoughtful, considerate, and affectionate as you have ever been."

He winced, though not perceptibly.

"If you say 'No' I shall be convinced that you have good and sufficient reasons for your refusal," she proceeded, with something more than her usual warmth; "and I shall be obedient to your wish, as I trust I have ever been, as it is my duty to be; for, indeed, uncle, if I do, as a rule, appear cold and unsympathetic, I at least feel deeply, and very, very gratefully, your never-failing, long-continued loving benignity to me."

"This little, happily-timed testimony had, under present circumstances, ten thousand times more effect upon him that it would have done had she been really his niece. It troubled him much, for it raised up anxious thoughts for her future, which he would have to arrange; but he waved his hand as if impatiently, and said, huskily—

"What do you wish me do?"

He was quite unprepared for the prayer of her petition.

She cleared her voice, and returning to a light, and, as she fancied, pretty, airy way, she said—

"You know, uncle dearest, that Wil and I are betrothed?"

That was a blow on his heart.

"And that it has been your wish the contract between us should be completed by marriage as soon as possible—immediately, indeed."

He felt himself growing white, but he remained silent. He thought it would be discreet to hear her request before he made any remark.

"Now, uncle dear, attached as I am to Wil, and deeply attached as he has always been to me, and especially since his return from abroad—" Mr. Rokeby started, but that was all. Gabrielle did not see him, for her eyelids were downcast, and she knew she was fibbing. "It seems only natural that we should both be glad—nay inexpressibly delighted—to carry out your wishes at the very earliest possible moment. So, of course, we should, if there were not considerations—of no *vital* moment—but of some importance, which suggest the propriety, and to a degree the necessity for some delay in the appointment of that day, which tradition declares to be the happiest of our lives, but which other traditions do not always serve to confirm—although, I am sure, no two people will ever be happier than I and Wil when united."

Mr. Rokeby drew breath.

"Do you comprehend me, uncle?" she interrogated, raising her eyes quietly to his, and with her set smile upon her features.

"You desire that I should consent to the adjournment of your—of—the—of the arranged marriage between you and my son Wilfred," he responded, with some little difficulty.

"Something beyond that," she rejoined, playing with a diamond locket, suspended from her necklet, and looking as if unburdened with a care of any moment.

"You desire perhaps yourself to appoint the day?" he suggested, gazing at her with a perplexed expression.

"What cleverness! You divine my very thought, while I am casting about for appropriate words in which to submit it to you. That is the especial favor I pray you to grant me."

He hesitated, and reflected for a minute. This proposition suited him beyond his expectations, but he was sure it had not been preferred without some weighty motive, and under some peculiar influence. What they were he deemed it important to know.

"Is Wil aware of your request?" he interrogated, musingly.

"It is, I think, a great point that he is not," she returned, quietly. "Nor do I wish him to be made acquainted with it—at least, by any one but myself. In truth, uncle, Wil feels a little too sure of me. In his estimation I am a caught trout, safe in his basket, and he is rather absurdly neglectful of me in society in consequence. Understand me, uncle," she added, quickly, as he was about to speak, "I do not mention this complainingly, for I am woman enough to know that it is my province to keep him at my side, and if I cannot, no orders from papa will. But there are ways and ways to bring intractable youths to their knees, and I wish Wil to discover that he also is a caught trout and safe in my basket, or that I, like himself, if hooked, am not actually basketed."

"Am I to understand that a little jealousy is at the bottom of all this?" demanded Mr. Rokeby, inwardly chafing at the part he felt himself compelled to act.

"On Wil's side, yes," she returned, with an equanimity which amazed him. "You know Wil is impetuous, uncle dear, and flies off in the most insane kind of way at all manners of stupid things. He has a ridiculous notion concerning the Earl of Marston, believes, because the earl plays admirer to me a little—when the fit is on him—that I countenance and encourage his intentions, and he immediately proceeds to scatter his devoirs to every baby-faced, idiotic girl he meets when I am in society with him."

"Marston!" repeated Mr. Rokeby, to himself. It flashed at once through his mind that Wil had himself broached this matter to him. "Marston!" he thought rapidly, "has an earldom, is wealthy, is a fool. What if he is really smitten with this girl?"

He bent his eyes upon Gabrielle's features with a direct look.

"But is Marston positively an admirer, would-be lover, if he knew you to be disengaged?" he interrogated, quickly.

She played with her diamond locket.

"Can I help it, uncle, if the weak-minded fall into idiotic raptures about me?" she questioned, in turn. "Poor Marston cannot help it, I suppose, and follows me about like a pet poodle in a leading string, only I do not hold the string, and I do not intentionally drag him along. Nevertheless, I must maintain my position, and I ask you to help me to do it, so that when Wil makes allusion to our day of union I may be able to inform him that it will take place on the day which best suits me, or at the Greek Kalends."

"The Greek Kalends—and that is never," thought Mr. Rokeby, with set teeth; but he said to her, with a forced smile, "You argue your case fairly, I admit; but are there any other reasons?"

"Oh, yes; but they are inexplainable woman's reasons—dress, and all that," she replied, quickly. "Of course," she added, with equal rapidity, and with a very peculiar emphasis which disturbed him, "I have not the slightest wish to dissever the tie which holds us together. I know I am his; but I also know that he is *mine*."

"That is hidden in the impenetrable chest of inevitable destiny," thought Mr. Rokeby; but he said, with an affected lightness of manner, "I grant you your request readily, Gabrielle; but I think the cause assigned a little too trivial, for an explanation might put matters straight at once. However, be it as you wish."

Then, without another word, as if he was anxious to terminate the interview, in fear she might alter her mind, he handed her to the door, watched her a few paces along the corridor, and then, closing his door upon her, locked it.

She glanced at the shut door with a shiver. She gazed along the corridor right and left; it was untenanted. She pressed her hands upon her temples fiercely, then upon her heart.

"The clouds thicken over me. I am suspected; I feel it," she muttered, between her teeth; "but shall they discard, expel me, without a desperate struggle for what was to have been mine? No—no! There is a great deal to unravel and to become mistress of. The time is horribly brief; but I'll do it—I will not fail passively."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHO? OR WHICH?

Geraldine, the "counterfeit presentment" of Daisy outwardly, but in self-possession, firmness, nerve, self-reliance, her very opposite, found herself alone in the presence of her new guardian, guide, and counsellor, with feelings and emotions new, delightful, and scarcely repressible.

Her native timidity and shyness—the reserve which had been imposed upon her by the years of seclusion she had passed, as much as by the command of the strange man who assumed all the powers of a parent, and denied being such—kept her, however, from betraying all she really felt. But she could not, and she did not, strive to conceal the pleasure which she so swiftly, and therefore, something strangely, experienced in her introduction to a monitress and companion hitherto wholly unknown to her.

Her sweet face was, indeed, a pure and unartificial tablet of her thoughts; and when she turned her soft, beaming eyes upon the lady who for some time, at least, was to be her *chaperone*, and who had been introduced to her as Mrs. Loraine, there was in their expression an undisguised joy, which brought a gratified smile on the colorless face on which they shone.

"My dear child," exclaimed that lady, in a soft, trembling voice, "we begin, at least, happily—confide unreservedly in me. You will prove me to be your truest friend under every circumstance, and at all times."

Geraldine's answer was to kiss her on both cheeks; but she did not express what she thought or what she felt by words, and it was very clear that Mrs. Loraine did not need them; nor did it require more than a day or two, at the most, to make their relations of the closest and most affectionate kind.

Geraldine did not fail to notice, at the earliest opportunity, that the figure of Mrs. Loraine was shapely and elegant, and that of a much younger woman than her silver hair denoted. It was more in keeping with her deep, large, expressive dark-brown eyes, and her elastic step, than the signs of one who had passed her climacteric; but she kept those reflections to herself. Mrs. Loraine, indeed, rather checked observations which tended to personal allusions, and was evidently cautious to refrain herself from making them.

She applied herself at once to a routine of duties which had been laid down by her employer for observance, and Geraldine, in a wondrous spirit of docile tractibility, unquestioningly performed all that was required of her.

As dressing with richness and fancy, and yet with elegant neatness, riding and driving, appearing at concerts and assemblies, formed the major part of the tasks demanded of her, and as she was thus initiated into the wonders, the brilliant scenes and sparkling vivacity of a life until now unknown to her, and it would be false to say absolutely distasteful to her, it may be believed that she neither found her labors irksome nor objectionable. Especially as she had an idea—an expectation—a hope floating in her mind, and the very routine through which she was being conducted seemed to her to afford the possibility, at least, if not the probability, of its realization.

Not a reason was offered her for the course submitted to her to pursue—not a motive suggested for the change in her daily life to which she was subjected. Surrounded by mystery from infancy, she was enveloped in it still. Yet she neither uttered an interrogatory which it might be embarrassing to answer, nor betrayed a disinclination to do whatever Mrs. Loraine requested her.

Wherever she went she was the admiration of all eyes, and many a youthful male lip—and for that matter, perhaps, an elderly one or two—trembled to have speech with her; but she was too retiring by nature to take part in observations occasionally addressed to her. At the same time, Mrs. Loraine was constantly by her side, too watchful to permit either the unscrupulous, bold, or the astute man-of-the-world to approach her, while the younger men, with their delicate skins and incipient moustaches, could only slide into the "sick-longing" *role*, circle in their retinacy, and talk of her.

Yet bashful, and timid, and diffident as she was, and almost constantly as she appeared, with downcast eyes, she did snatch glances, at opportune moments, at some of the "sick-longers with delicate skins and incipient moustaches." Yet they were only glances—little snatches of eyesight—and were very momentary when lighting on faces that were unknown to her—and, alas! all the faces she looked on were unknown to her.

Until one evening, and at a most unexpected moment.

When Mrs. Loraine accompanied her to the *salons* of the nobility, to entertainments, to the concert-room, or to the opera, her astute guardian, whom she knew only as Mr. Scarsdale, was never of the party; but when he took charge of her upon special occasions, introducing her into elevated coteries, to exclusive sets, and to aristocratic scenes, palpably with an object, the nature of which even she was quite unable to conjecture, Mrs. Loraine did not take her usual place by her side.

Indeed, Geraldine noticed that Mrs. Loraine avoided as much as possible all contact with Mr. Scarsdale, and he, having once installed her in the position to which he had appointed her, took no further notice of her than if she were a mere governess or music-mistress. He had been perfectly satisfied with credentials furnished to him by Lord Belvoir, and a personal cross-questioning of the lady herself never occurred to him.

One day Mrs. Loraine received a communication from him to prepare Geraldine for a visit to the opera, to which it was his intention to accompany her, and to take her thence to a *rout*, a reception and a ball. Mrs. Loraine knew that this was an intimation that Geraldine would attend him alone, and though on this, as upon all such occasions, tears sprang into her eyes without apparent reason when she received the cold mandate, she interested herself deeply, not alone in seeing that Geraldine's toilet was all that could be desired, but in whispering into her ear gentle words of counsel, so contrived that if Geraldine paid small heed to them at the moment, they were sure to present themselves when the occasion for which they had been prepared arrived.

Geraldine never looked more enchantingly lovely than when she descended to the room in which Mr. Scarsdale awaited her.

He turned as white as death as she appeared before him, and he muttered, with a suppressed groan, the word—

"Fay!"

Yet, in a moment he had recovered himself, and reassuming his old stoical air, he led her from the house.

The opera was crowded, for Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* was to be played. There were rival *prima donnas* singing; there was a world-renowned tenor warbling; there was a great bass drowning the orchestra with his fulminating notes; and there was to appear a *danseuse* who had converted Vienna into a raving madhouse. Consequently, Her Majesty's Theatre was, for the nonce, a Babel of the highest, the proudest, the noblest and the wealthiest in the land.

For a time Geraldine was dazed and bewildered by the blaze of fashion and beauty, by the moving and flashing of gorgeous attires and glittering gems, until her senses became enwrapt in the exquisitely rendered inspirations of the great composer, poured forth in flute-like utterances by the sweetest of all sweet human voices.

She was unconscious that she had been left by Mr. Scarsdale the only tenant in her box, or that she was dividing the attention of the appreciative in this brilliant assemblage with the "singing woman" upon the stage—unconscious of a battery of *lorgnettes* leveled at her—unconscious of everything but the melodies which she was devouring with her ears, until the vast green curtain glided swiftly and noiselessly down, shutting out at once from her eyes and ears singer and song alike.

Then she turned her head, drawing a long, deep breath, to express to her guardian and companion the intense enjoyment the wondrous music had given her, and to her amazement, beheld in his place a handsome lady, with a noble presence, and richly and elegantly attired.

Her young, innocently-expressive face betrayed her unequivocal surprise, and the lady observed it with a smile on her still beautiful features. She laid her hand gently upon hers, and said, in her most winning tones—

"My love, you are, no doubt, startled to find me by your side under circumstances so widely different to that terrible occasion when you, with the courage of a hero, averted from me an impending danger I shudder even now to remember."

Geraldine half rose up, and with yet greater wonder, murmured—

"There is some mistake, I think. We have never met before.

"Never?" ejaculated the lady, emphatically and derisively. "Look in my face, my dear, dear girl, and then tell me you have never seen me before if you can."

Geraldine looked timidly at her features, and her mind became confused. She had seen somewhere lineaments that resembled them yet the face she had gazed upon hitherto had been few and far between, and certainly she could not recall any occasion on which she had been face to face with the lady who was now regarding her with an expression of affectionate admiration which quite bewildered her.

Again she faltered.

"Indeed, I assure you that I never remember to have seen you before madam—in fact, it is almost impossible that I should have done so."

The lady smiled bitterly—painfully.

"My name is Rokeby," she said, with a slight tremble in her tone. "You will acknowledge that it is rather familiar in your ears."

"It is unknown to me," responded Geraldine, instantly, with a truthfulness of tone and expression which staggered Mrs. Rokeby, for she was the lady who had thus introduced herself to Geraldine.

Mrs. Rokeby drew herself up.

"How long is it since you have quitted Hazelbrook?" she interrogated, in a colder tone than she had yet used.

"Hazelbrook!" repeated Geraldine, quite mystified. "I was never there."

"Nor at Mark Jarrett's Grange!" pursued Mrs. Rokeby, almost indignantly.

Geraldine shook her head.

"I never heard of it!" she answered, as before, puzzled beyond conception what the stranger could mean,

"Will you be pleased to tell me," pursued Mrs. Rokeby, with flushed cheeks, "whether you were ever known in the vicinity which you have recently left as the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook?"

"I never bore such a name to my knowledge, madam," she returned, growing terrified by Mrs. Rokeby's eager impressiveness. "I never, until now, heard this name of Hazelbrook."

"Or bore the name of Daisy?" she added, impetuously.

"I was never, in my recollection, addressed by that name but once," responded Geraldine, timidly, as if she felt herself to be, although she knew not wherefore, a great culprit. "Even then it was done in error."

Mrs. Rokeby passed her hands over her eyes for an instant, and then again gazed on the face of Geraldine.

"I owe you a thousand apologies," she said, with ill-concealed emotion. "There is too much guileless truth lighting up that sweet face of yours to permit me to believe you are an adept at deception; yet, henceforward, I will never trust my eyes, ears or impressions again. I entreat your pardon, and beg you to forget what must appear to you an incomprehensible intrusion."

With that, Mrs. Rokeby, like one who had been stunned, deprived of sense and breath, departed, leaving Geraldine completely mystified.

Before she could recover herself, Mr. Scarsdale reappeared, and led her from the box, in order to conduct her to the most fashionable reception of the season.

During their progress thither she did not speak of the strange episode of which Mrs. Rokeby was the heroine, and which filled her mind with wonder. Mr. Scarsdale very rarely invited conversation from her, and now she found him moodily silent. Besides, her mind was exercised as to where she had seen Mrs. Rokeby's eyes before—for that she had seen their counterpart she was positive. She soon, however, had her thoughts diverted by finding herself again surrounded by an amazing throng of the high and mighty, some of them "fearfully and wonderfully" made up; but she had but a very confused notion of what the gathering meant, as she was hurried and dragged hither and thither by a scraggy lady of title, in whose charge she had been placed, and who was half-clothed in a "full"—which meant a very low-bodied—dress of ruby velvet, blazing with diamonds, and wearing in her hair, glossy and black as the coat of a funeral horse, a bird of Paradise, which would have carried off the highest prize at any bird-show in the world, as being the largest ever seen.

She flourished this feather about as the above mentioned animal does his sable plume in sepulchral processions; she blazoned her even, white, false teeth in every one's eyes; introduced Geraldine to numberless people, but when some young noble, convulsed with her beauty, stayed for a word or two beyond the introduction, she whisked her off again, and at last deposited her in a small recess, beautifully fitted up, and decorated with the rarest and choicest exotics that could be procured.

Then she left her, but, as she said, for a second only, for she promised to return to her "ere one can say it lightens."

As she was turning away, she observed and caught a young gentleman by the arm, and swung him round face to face with Geraldine.

"Mr. Alberic Rokeby," she said, with a skull-like grin. "Knew him a babe. We call him Bertie—a boy still! Talk to Miss Vane until I return. Shall not be an instant, Bertie."

Waving her hand she skipped away like an old doe playing fawn.

Geraldine, at the same moment, found her eyes dwelling upon the face for which she had been secretly looking ever since she had quitted Dovedale.

Bertie found his eyes devouring the angel face for which he had been hunting ever since he had wrenched himself away from the banks of the Dove.

With a heart beating violently, he conducted her, trembling and quivering, to a seat.

He placed himself by her side, and in a low voice, and a somewhat impeded articulation, he half whispered—

"We have met before, I believe, Miss Vane?"

"Yes," she responded, faintly.

"At Dovedale?" he proceeded.

"Yes!" she murmured, beginning to destroy some of the flowers in her bouquet.

"Would you believe that at first I thought you were a spirit?" he proceeded, struggling to speak with firmness, and not succeeding.

"No!" she answered, scarcely audibly.

"A sylvan fairy," he resumed, in tones that each moment grew richer and more earnest; "a spirit of light and fragrance; a fay, made up of sunbeams and blossoms, and rainbow spray from the silver falls; a transparent beam—anything, everything that had or could have a loveliness a thousand times purer, brighter, more exquisite than ever was granted to the human form, however delicately beautiful!"

"I—I—could—not—have supposed you to be so—very—foolish—as—to take me—for a spirit," she rejoined, in a voice scarcely audible.

Yet she did not think him in the least foolish, and though her cheek glowed with a burning warmth because she knew his eyes were fastened upon her sweet countenance—she did not think him foolish for gazing at her with so much adoration, and she hoped—oh, how she hoped that he still thought her as beautiful as a spirit.

"I should have been an obtuse-brained, dim-eyed boor, if I had not thought you such," he proceeded, ardently, and added, with expressive emphasis, "if I did not think thus of you now."

She still held her eyes downcast, and she trembled; but it was with a bliss new, strange, and intensely delicious to her.

There was a short silence, and he seeing that what he had ventured to say had not offended, resumed—

"How often I longed, looked for, prayed for the chance of exchanging a word with you. How I have lingered hours, days, weeks by the Dove side for the opportunity, and yet it never was granted to me until now."

"Except once," she faltered, raising her eyes to his, and letting them fall again.

"Not once—no not once," he rejoined, pressing his hands together.

She raised her eyes once again to his, only to lower them beneath his loving gaze.

"Have you forgotten?" she asked, with the faintest tinge of surprise in her voice.

"I should deserve to be forever expunged from your memory if I had spoken to you even for an instant, and it had now escaped me," he returned, with deep enthusiasm. "Indeed, indeed, I should have been but too

enraptured to have heard your voice responding to my own ever to have forgotten it."

"You do not forget that you visited my guardian at Dovedale Fell?" she said, in a clear&r tone, and regarding him with less timidity, for she was surprised in her turn.

"At his house?" he interrogated, elevating his eyebrows.

"At his house. Do you not remember you followed me to it?" she proceeded, with an amazed expression.

"I never knew that there was a house at Dovedale Fell," he returned, with a bewildered look. "I never even heard that there was a dwelling there, or near it."

"It was where I lived," she rejoined, drooping her eyes. "It was where you entered—where you caught me by the hand, and I entreated you to release me—for you were a stranger to me—at least, almost a stranger—and I feared harm might come to you. But you detained me, and you called me Daisy. I told you that was not my name; but you persisted in calling me Daisy, until I broke from you, and fled away."

"It was a dream!" gasped Bertie, incredulously. "It must have been a dream! I could not have forgotten such an event, and by my honor—I beg you to believe me—it never occurred to me."

"No?" she ejaculated, in utter wonder, and for the first time looked full into his face, and perused his features anxiously and earnestly. "*I* could *not* have been mistaken—and—and—now I see you are angry with me—because—I fled from you; but indeed—indeed, I was too terrified—for you—and for myself to remain."

Bertie pressed his hands to his temples.

"Was—was—the—the—the—fellow—like me?" he asked, wholly confounded.

"It was you, surely you," she returned, with a surprise equal to his own.

She felt that there could not be another in the world like to him.

Before he could repeat his positive contradiction, and ask for a description of the individual, whose enemy for the remainder of his life he intended to be, the elderly duchess, who had introduced him to Miss Vane, suddenly darted between them, and with a minced word of parting whisked off Geraldine, threading her way with wonderful practiced skill and indifference to opinion among the haughty, starchy, and supreme.

Too skillfully for Bertie to follow her through the crowds, moving slowly in all directions, through a chain of rooms, contrived to have all the effect of a labyrinth to the uninitiated.

But not too quickly or skillfully to escape the eyes of Mr. Rokeby, who happened to be present, for as that young and lovely face—affrighted, anxious, and pensive into the bargain—was moved briskly past him, he caught a glimpse of it.

He stood for an instant transfixed, as if it had been a countenance seen only in a vision of the past, and then, with a sudden ejaculation, he muttered to himself, as he rushed in pursuit—

"By heaven! That must have been Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

A Submerged City in Florida.

The St. Augustine (Fla.) Press says:

During the heavy gales which prevailed last fall, the tide, on one occasion, was driven so low in the North River that a remarkable discovery was made. About seven miles north of St. Augustine, on the west shore of North River, the remains of an ancient city were disclosed. The parties who have given us this information are ready to conduct any one who desires it to the spot. Several walls, walled in with coquina, are now visible, under water; but the foundations of the houses can be only felt with a pole. On this occasion of the discovery, a gale had prevailed for four or five days from the north—driving the water out of the river to an extent never before known. Further investigations have also brought to light a coquina quarry on this same site; and what is the most remarkable, the quarry is in the midst of a dense hammock—and which any one can see now, by taking the trouble to go there. The rock is of a quality equal to any on Anastasia Island, and the quarry has been extensively used, doubtless for the purpose of building this city or settlement—for one or the other it certainly was.

The question which naturally arises is, by whom was this settlement made—by natives of this continent, or Europeans? All historiographers agree that Ponce de Leon, a companion of Columbus, in his second voyage, first touched on this New World at a point three miles north of St. Augustine. This would have brought him within four miles of this city, or settlement, which ever it might have been. Say they, one and all, "he found the natives fierce and implacable." But, at this period—1512—all history is silent, and we hear nothing more of Florida or of America until 1526, when Narvaez arrived on the western or gulf coast. Who will solve this mystery? Perhaps it may throw light on the history of America, hitherto concealed. For let it be remembered that St. Augustine was the first city settled in America. Our city is still thronged with visitors. There may be some among them curious enough to search into the history of their country; or, at least, curious enough to gratify their own curiosity. There are pleasure boats a plenty in the harbor, and at this delightful season we would suggest that a trip up the North river—only seven miles—could be accomplished in a very short time—wind and tide favoring—which our "pleasure yacht fleet" perfectly comprehended. Who will go to solve this mystery about which we ourselves desire all the information we can obtain.

A Small-Pox Fact.

Judge Ball, who is collecting facts for a history of Hoosick Falls, furnishes the following: "In the year 1799 several cases of small-pox occurred in the town, and a dwelling near the village of Hoosick Falls was used as a pest-house. Seventy years afterwards the house (having been occupied all that time as a dwelling, with no case of small-pox or other unusual sickness,) was repaired. One of the workmen employed on the repairs was taken down with a disease which proved to be malignant small-pox, to which he had been not otherwise exposed than by working on this old pest-house." If small-pox virus can be retained for seventy years in the walls, floors, ceiling or furniture of a dwelling-house, greater care and more stringent measures will be necessary to insure protection from this loathsome disease.—*Troy Press.*

High Art in Hair-Cutting.

A traveller in Paris, having occasion for a hair-cutter, sent for one. At the appointed time an elegantly attired person arrived, and the gentleman sat down before his dressing-case to prepare for the operation. The man walked around his "client" once or twice, and finally taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoisseur looking at a picture.

"Well," said the traveller, impatiently, "when are you going to begin?"

"Pardon me, sir," was the polite reply, "I am not the operator, but the physiognomist.

"Adolphe!" he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from the hall, "*a la* Virgil!" With this laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged, the artiste retired.

"THE PLAGUE OF THE LOCUSTS."

BY FRANK CLIVE.

Not far from Stubb's Hollow resided Hiram Wright,
A plain and honest farmer, who toiled from morn till night,
And saved his scanty earnings with all his frugal might.

He was an inoffensive, even-tempered, quiet man,
Who wished to calmly vegetate through his allotted span;
But certain circumstances frustrated Hiram's plan.

The sewing machine agents Hiram's premises invaded,
(To those familiar with their ways, I need not tell what *they* did,)
And, from a robust farmer, Hiram gradually faded.

The earliest beam of morning gleamed upon some agent's face,
And at twilight there was sure to be one hangin' round the place,
Till Hiram got disgusted with the whole fiducial race.

He couldn't struggle 'round his premises to do his chores,
Without being interrupted by those unremitting bores,
Who swarmed, till Hiram hardly dared to venture out of doors.

Although a moral man, so far from virtue Hiram fell
That scarcely a day would pass away in which he didn't yell,
"Drat them there condemned agents! I wish they was in—Tophet!"

A murderous resolution took possession of his soul,
And beneath his dwelling's portal Hiram burrowed, like a mole,
Till he had excavated a profound, abysmal hole.

Then a trap-door in his door-step did he cunningly contrive,
Through which his guests unwelcome, might incontinently dive,
Hopeless of extrication from Hiram's pit, alive.

It was a grim, sardonic smile curved Hiram's upper lip,
As, with his wife, he started upon a pleasure trip,
And, with a chuckle, he remarked, "Now let them agents rip!"

Doomed agent after agent was *sine die* adjourned,
And the sewing machine companies, to their amazement, learned
Stubb's Hollow was the bourne from which no agent e'er returned.

Agents grew scarce and scarcer; wherefore no one could tell.
A nameless dread on all of the surviving agents fell—
But too folks 'round Stubb's Hollow endured it very well.

Although those agents' families, perhaps, were plunged in grief,
By the mysterious ending of careers so bright and brief—
The rest of the community experienced great relief.

When Hiram Wright returned he promptly scrutinized that pit,
And a gleam of satisfaction Hiram's homely features lit
When he saw the skeletons of those who'd "put their feet in it."

"As that swarm of agents sewed, so likewise have they ripped,
And them fellers look, to me, as if their stitches had been skipped!"
Said Hiram, as he gayly to his pastoral duties tripped.

—*Buffalo Courier.*

JOHN'S WIFE AND MINE.

CHAPTER I.

When I stood on board the Ocean Queen, a steamer outward bound, I bade farewell to the only friend I had in the world. When John Fairlie bade me God speed, wrung my hand in his own, and turned from me, I had looked my last upon the only face I cared for.

I shall never forget his last words.

"Remember, Paul," he said, "that, whether you win or fail, you have a true friend or brother in me. While I have a shilling, half of it is yours. While I have a home, you shall share it. If India fails, come back to me, and we will be brothers in every thing; and, remember, return when you may, your first visit must be to my house. You must come straight there."

They were kind words, and he meant every one of them. We had always been like brothers. I had no one in the wide world but John Fairlie. He was about five years older than I was. At the time I left England for India I was twenty and he twenty-five.

My father, Stephen Hylton, of Hylton Grange, had been a wealthy, solitary man. He must have had some great secret grief in his life that struck him from the roll of living men. Perhaps it was my mother's early death that embittered him. I do not know; his troubles were a sealed book to me. We lived in complete isolation, never seeing friends or visitors. My father, who was an accomplished scholar, educated me himself.

The only friend I had was John Fairlie, of Lynedale Hall, the only son of old Squire Fairlie. He was my comrade, playfellow, and brother in every thing but name—kind to me, fond of me, true as steel. His father died when John was twenty, and then he became Squire of Lynedale.

My father was ruined soon afterwards. I never knew his secrets. To this day I am quite ignorant of the cause of his downfall. Hylton Grange and everything we had in the world was sold. For some short time my father struggled on in London, then died, keeping his secret to the last. A distant relative of his—some third or fourth cousin—exerted his influence for me, and I was sent off to India.

Of course John Fairlie came to see me start, after exhausting his ingenuity in providing me with every comfort for the long voyage. Tears, such as women shed, stood in my eyes when the honest, kindly face passed out of my sight, and I was quite alone in the world. For five years I struggled with fortune, which seemed all against me during that time. I wrote constantly to John, and he never missed a mail.

He married the same year I left England, and was evidently very proud of the feat; actually married a young widow with two daughters, Lady Clara Ross—one of the handsomest women in England. After that I fancied John's letters were colder in tone. When I spoke of ill-fortune his sympathy was not so warm or so ready as formerly. So when I began to grow rich I did not tell him, although my love for him never altered—never changed or cooled. Our correspondence almost ceased.

After a time money seemed to grow under my hands by magic; everything I touched turned to gold. Far and near Paul Hylton was known as one of the wealthiest and most fortunate of men. I was a millionaire, yet there was no one in the wide world to love me. I had neither kith nor kin. I would have parted with all my gold for only one of the blessings that fall to the lot of other men.

After fifteen years I grew tired of Indian life, and resolved to go home to England, and there enjoy the fortune labor had won. I reached London on the 23d of December. There was no one to greet me, no face to smile upon me, no voice to bid me welcome. Neither mother, sister, brother, or friend; my heart was cold and sad. Every one else seemed happy and animated; I was alone. My heart yearned for my old friend—for the shake of a warm hand-clasp—for a kindly word. I remembered his farewell. True we had not written for three years, but I did not doubt he was John Fairlie still.

Early on the 24th I started for Lynedale Hall, knowing he would welcome me. No words of mine can tell what that ride through the winter day was like. The snow and frost were old friend; the cold air, after the burning Indian blasts, so invigorating; the gray, wintry sky, the bare hedges and leafless trees—I enjoyed them all.

What would John say to me? How would he greet me after all those years? What seemed more natural than that I should hurry to spend my leisure time with him?

It was five o'clock when I reached Lynedale Hall. The windows were aglow with light and warmth. It was evident that my old friend's house was full of guests.

In answer to my inquiries the footman said Mr. Fairlie was at home. He ushered me into the library, and went off in search of his master.

Five minutes afterwards John stood before me, but there was no gleam of recognition in his eyes. I looked earnestly at him. The same honest, kindly face, but full of anxious lines; the same true, clear eyes, with a shadow in them.

"John," I cried, "do you not know me?"

His ruddy, honest face turned quite white.

"It cannot be Paul—Paul Hylton?" he said.

"It is, indeed!" I replied; "come to spend a few days with you."

Then he grasped my hands, as in an iron vice, and I knew that he was unchanged.

"My dear old friend," he said, with quivering lips, "I am so pleased to see you."

I thought he would never finish shaking my hands, or bidding me welcome home. God bless him! I might have known he would be true.

We talked for half an hour without stopping—of our parting, of old times and old friends; then John's kindly eyes resting on my travelling suit, he said—

"So the world has not prospered with you, Paul?"

I smiled, but did not undeceive him; feeling, for the first time, proud and happy that I was a millionaire, resolving to keep my secret for a day or two, then surprise him with it.

At that very moment the library door opened, and a tall, stately lady entered the room.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said, coldly; "I did not know you were engaged. Perhaps, with a house full of visitors, you can spare time for more than one,"

"A hint to me," I thought. Never did I see such a change as, at the sound of that voice, came over poor John. He had been so happy, so merry, so kind; now he stood up, confused and hesitating.

"To be sure, my dear," he said, meekly, "to be sure! I am very remiss, Lady Clara. Let me introduce my old friend, Paul Hylton, to you."

The lady favored me with a very haughty bow.

"He—has returned from India," said John, with trembling hesitation, "and has come to spend a few days with us."

Then she looked at me, slowly and steadily, from head to foot, I felt conscious that I should have visited a tailor. My clothes seemed shabby, my boots dirty, under the calm search of those proud eyes.

"What room will suit Mr. Hylton best?" asked John. "He will want good fires; England is very cold after India."

"I understood you that our list of guests was quite complete," said Lady Clara, haughtily. "You had better send for the housekeeper; there are no rooms to spare."

So saying, with a decided frown, she swept from the room.

I saw it all; John was fearfully henpecked. He stood feebly trying to smile, rubbing his hands, and looking ruefully at me.

"Lady Clara is—is tired to-night," he said; "we have so many visitors."

"John," I said, "be frank with me. I am an uninvited guest; if I have come at an inopportune moment, I will go away again."

He flushed crimson.

"Nothing of the kind," he said; "how can you speak so, Paul? You are my friend—my guest—welcome always, as are flowers in May. Lady Clara is peculiar; she has always been amongst the grand people, you know. I think it would, perhaps, be as well *not* to say you have been unfortunate before her; she would not understand, you see."

The housekeeper came, and a room was found for me—more thanks to old Mrs. Green's remembrance of me as "young Hylton of Hylton," than from any interest on the part of Lady Clara. I was shown upstairs, and told the dinner hour was seven. While I was dressing, John stole quietly into my room.

"Paul," he said, in a hushed voice, "if there is anything you want, remember my wardrobe is yours; have no scruples."

I thanked him with a smile, thinking if my dear old friend only knew!

The first dinner-bell rang, and I went down to the drawing-room where all the guests were assembled. There I was introduced to Miss Ada Ross, Lady Clara's daughter (the youngest sister was married that same year), and to John's two children, a charming boy and girl.

Miss Ada Ross measured me accurately with her eyes. They expressed nothing but contemptuous indifference until they lighted suddenly upon a valuable diamond ring I wore upon one finger—a ring that had once been chief of a Rajah's treasure. Then she gave me a puzzled look, asking plainly as eyes could do what a poor, uninvited guest did with such a jewel as that.

She was a brilliant rather than a beautiful girl, with dark, flashing eyes, a fine face, and a tall figure, something like her mother. John's two children resembled him.

Just as we were going to dinner a young girl stole into the room—a girl who riveted my attention at once. She had a sweet face, fresh and fair, with clear, true eyes, and the most beautiful mouth I ever beheld. No one appeared to take any notice of her: no one spoke to her. She was plainly dressed, without any jewels or ornaments, but to my eyes she was peerless as a graceful young queen.

I had just time to ask John who she was.

"The dearest and best girl in the world; my poor sister Nellie's child," he said hurriedly. "She is dead, you know, and Kate is living with us. I will introduce you to her, Paul."

He did so, and I asked Miss Kate Challis if I might take her down to dinner. Poor child! I read such a story in her sweet, downcast face. She trembled and flushed when Lady Clara spoke to her or came near her, and seemed overpowered at the very idea of Miss Ada Ross. I read a story of feminine oppression and cruelty; I understood the girl's miserable position—the taunts she received from Lady Clara, the envy and jealousy of Miss Ross.

She was a sweet, simple, loving child, frightened and nervous, yet with a quiet fund of humor that often startled me.

John Fairlie loved the girl; I could see that very plainly. He spoke to her several times during dinner, and was solicitous about what she ate and drank.

It was a pleasant party, despite Lady Clara and her proud daughter. The dining-room was magnificently decorated; the dinner was *recherche* and well served; the guests happy and full of gayety. After dinner I had Miss Kate all to myself. No one seemed to think I was worthy of much notice, and no one seemed to care for her, although she was the prettiest, sweetest girl in the room. People took their cue from Lady Clara, who ignored us both.

I was amused and touched by the girl's warm, deep love for her uncle. Her eyes glistened and her whole face grew bright at the mention of his name. He seemed just as fond of her, but dared not show it, poor fellow.

The next day was cold and stormy. I went to church with Kate Challis and John. Neither my lady or her guests dare venture out in "such unseasonable weather." My companions were like two children out of school; the way in which John laughed and talked, growing grave and serious when my lady's name was mentioned; and Kate, daring to be her own natural self, proved to be the merriest, sweetest, most winsome girl in the world.

CHAPTER II.

That day, during dinner, I heard that my old house, Hylton Grange, was for sale. I resolved to purchase it, for vague, sweet dreams of wife and home began to steal over me. I placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor, telling him to keep the secret, and not let the purchaser's name become public. John stood the test so well I did not care to tell my secret yet. The poorer he believed me to be the kinder he was to me, and Kate the same; while my lady and her daughter looked down upon me from the height of their grandeur. Yet I was vain enough to think that had Miss Ada known I was a millionaire she would have liked me. Once or twice, in the absence of her stately mamma, she tried a small passage-at-arms with me. Her ladyship accidentally entered in the midst of one of these little affairs, and I was most unconsciously a listener, some time afterwards, to a conversation in which my name figured to a great extent.

"Ada," said her ladyship, "how can you think of wasting your time talking to that man, while Sir George Carew and Lord Bateman are in the house?"

"He is a very nice man, mamma," was the pert reply, "and talks to me, "which Sir George never does."

"He is as poor as a church mouse!" said her ladyship, angrily. "I hope he does not intend sponging upon us much longer. He has been unfortunate in India, or something of the kind."

"Nice men are always poor or unfortunate," said Miss Ada. "Mamma, how in the world did he get hold of that diamond ring?"

"Nothing but paste!" said her ladyship; "nothing in the world betrays a man so soon as false jewelry. I have no wish to talk about Mr. Hylton, Ada, only let me warn you that all time spent with him is lost."

I did not hear the reply, having just at that moment an opportunity to escape.

Lyndedale Hall was in a grand commotion. Her ladyship decided that a ball should be given on the 30th, and the whole place was in a ferment of preparation.

"I am so fond of dancing," said Kate to me, one morning, "I shall enjoy this ball very much."

"So shall I, if you will dance with me, Kate," I said; "not without."

She half promised. Judge of my surprise when two hours afterwards I met her in the grounds, her sweet face stained with tears.

"What is the matter, Kate?" I cried. "You have been crying. Tell me what it is."

I drew her arm in mine and led her through the shrubbery, where the snow lay white upon the trees.

"What is it?" I asked again. "Tell me, Kate."

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for crying," she said, "but Lady Clara has decided that I am not to go to the ball."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I have no dress," said Kate; "and Lady Clara thinks, with so many visitors at the Hall, there is no time to see about one."

"Where does Lady Clara's come from?" I asked, quietly.

"From London," replied Kate. "Dresses for my aunt and cousin were ordered three days since."

"Buy a dress, Kate," I suggested.

"I have no money," she said, simply, with a smile. "My uncle buys everything for me. He will not know I want this until it is too late."

"What a thing it is to want money," I said. And Kate looked at me with a gentle, sympathetic gleam in her eye.

"I do not care *very* much," she said, "but I had promised to dance with you."

I clasped the little hand that lay on my arm, and Kate's sentence never was finished.

The very moment I went to my room I wrote a letter to Madame Cerise, the Court milliner, and endorsing a check for what I know now to be a ridiculously extravagant amount, I ordered from her a magnificent ball dress, with every detail complete. I described Kate—her size, appearance—and left the rest to the well-known taste of Madame Cerise.

Kate's sunny temper never showed itself so clearly as now. Although she believed there was no hope for her, she took just as much interest in the ball, and never complained to her uncle.

The all-important day came round. Lady Clara gave me very distinctly to understand that the room in which I slept was wanted; but John privately begged of me to take no notice. "Lady Clara was over-tired and anxious," he said.

It was soon after noon when a parcel was sent to me by Miss Challis. I opened it, and found a most beautiful handkerchief, embroidered with hair, and the sender implored her uncle's old friend to accept the little present.

My pretty, simple Kate! I took it and thanked her when we met.

That evening, about two hours before the ball began, I was with John in his favorite retreat, the library, when Lady Clara entered. Barely recognizing my presence, she began at once:

"Is it possible, John, that you have ordered this box for Kate from London? I can hardly believe even you capable of such folly!"

"I have ordered nothing," cried John. "I did not know that Kate required anything. What do you mean?"

"There is a box just come from London," said Lady Clara, "addressed to Miss Kate Challis, containing the most beautiful dress I ever saw—far better than I or my daughter can afford; shoes, gloves, fan, opera cloak, wreath, bouquet, and all complete. If you did not order it, who did?"

"Most certainly I did *not*," said John, emphatically. "Is there no bill or memoranda or anything by which you can tell whence it came?"

"Not a word!" she replied—"not a fold of paper!"

How I blessed Madame Cerise for her attention to my wishes!

"What does Kate say herself?" asked John.

"Kate!" cried Lady Clara, contemptuously. "She pretends to be surprised, but it seems strange to me. I do not like anything underhand—"

John rang the bell impetuously.

"Send Miss Challis to me at once," he said; and in two minutes she came in, smiles and tears struggling for mastery, looking so pretty and so shy, so happy and so puzzled, I longed to clasp her in my arms and kiss her tears away.

"Kate," said John, "can you guess who has made you this very handsome and valuable present?"

"No, uncle," she replied; "no one has ever given me anything, except you."

"That will do, my dear," he said. "Wear your dress, and look as nice as you can in it."

Kate made her escape. Lady Clara looked both baffled and spiteful.

"Your niece must have a fairy godmother," she said, contemptuously. "I do not like mysteries, nor do I approve of a poor, penniless girl like Kate being dressed like a duchess. However, I wash my hands of it!"

She went away. All this time I sat pretending to read. When Lady Clara closed the door poor John sighed heavily.

"Who can have sent Kate that dress?" he said. "I shall never hear the last of it! Yet I am glad some one cares for the child. I wish to goodness she were happily married—Lady Clara will never be fond of her."

"Why not?" I asked, briefly.

"I think Miss Ada is jealous of her," said John. "Nellie's child is very pretty, and good as she is fair. She gladdens and brightens my life, Paul."

"She should marry a neighbor," I said; "then you could take refuge with her sometimes."

John had ceased all pretence with me. He *knew* that I knew he was henpecked and tyrannized over in no light degree.

John was, like myself, very anxious to see Kate in her brave attire. We contrived to send for her to the library when she was dressed; and I know not who was the most startled, John or I.

She looked magnificently lovely. The slender girlish figure, robed in a flowing dress of white, shining silk, shrouded in costly lace—the graceful head, with its hair wreathed with lilies and clusters of scarlet verbenas—every detail was perfect; the white satin shoes, the costly fan, the bouquet of lilies and verbenas—the bright, sweet face shone out from the silk and lace so fair and sunny.

"Well done, Kate!" cried John. "You will be the belle to-night."

"Well done, 'somebody!'" cried Kate. "Whoever sent me this dress did well, uncle."

Then she looked wistfully at me. I saw that she was wishing that I, too, had been presented with a box.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, Kate," said John wistfully. "Who shall you dance with?"

"Mr. Hylton," replied Kate, frankly; "and I dare say Mr. Horfrey will ask me, as well."

"You are a good girl, Kate," John said. "Give me a kiss, and then run away."

She raised her sweet face and kissed him. No, I could not stand that!

"Kiss me, too!" I cried. "I am not your uncle, but I am his oldest friend, and here is a piece of mistletoe—see!"

"Yes—give him a kiss, Kate," said John. "Poor Paul! he has no one in the wide world."

But, seeing how the fair face flushed and the lips quivered, I was content to kiss her hand reverently, as though she had been a young queen.

And, indeed, John was right. Kate was belle of the ball. She had no lack of partners. Lord Bateman appeared to see her for the first time, and was charmed, as everybody could see. Lady Clara was angry; and during the only dance I had with Miss Ross, she expressed herself in forcible language on the subject of Kate Challis.

It was a very brilliant ball, and Kate enjoyed it to her heart's content. More than once I saw John's eyes following her, proudly yet sadly. He knew she would have to do bitter penance for this temporary sovereignty.

Lord Bateman asked her to allow him to take her down to supper, but Kate pleaded her engagement to me.

When the evening was over, I found, on reflection, it had been the most pleasant of my life.

CHAPTER III.

A few days afterwards there was great excitement at Lynedale, for some one brought the news that Hylton Grange had been purchased by a stranger, and was to be altered, enlarged, and fitted up in a magnificent style. The place was already full of workmen, superintended by a clever London architect.

Who was the purchaser? No one knew. A stranger and a wealthy man, who intended residing there himself. I listened to all the remarks, the conjectures, and felt delighted that I had kept my secret. But for that, I might have been courted and flattered by Lady Clara and Miss Ada. Man is weak; who can tell what might have happened then?

As it was, my supposed poverty had given me an insight into their real characters—it had taught me how to appreciate Kate's virtues and John's noble character.

There came a day when my old friend called me into his library, his face white, and his hands trembling—when he asked me what were my plans for the future.

I knew as well as though he had told me that Lady Clara had been complaining of the length of my stay.

"Remember," said John, "my purse is yours, Paul—use it as you will. If there should be any way in which you would like to start, do not hesitate for want of capital. We are brothers, you know. If I were a bachelor"—and here poor John sighed deeply—"if I were a bachelor you should share my home; but a married man cannot do as he would."

"I understand. Lady Clara thinks I have been here long enough, John—is that it?"

He blushed and stammered so confusedly, I felt sure of having made a very happy hit.

"There is one thing I must beg from you, John, before I leave. Give it to me, and I shall be the happiest man in the world," I said.

"Anything I have," he replied, his honest face brightening.

"Give me your niece, Kate, to be my wife," I said.

He literally gasped in astonishment.

"My niece—Kate!" he cried.

"Your niece—the sweetest, truest, best and fairest girl in the world," I replied.

"Willingly," he said; "most willingly. But, Paul, my dear boy, what will you keep her on? Kate cannot live on air, you know."

"I will find the ways and means, if you will use your influence for me," was my reply.

But he had clasped my hands in his own, and was wringing them violently.

"I am so glad," he cried. "There is no one I care for so much as you, Paul. I would rather give Katie to you than to a prince. Go and ask her yourself; see what she says, and bring her to me."

I went, knowing pretty well that about this time Kate would be out for her morning walk.

Far down amidst the leafless trees I saw the glimmer of her dress. It was a bright, clear, cold winter's day. The snow had vanished, and the frost set in. The ground was cold, hard and white, the holly trees and laurel bushes frozen, the sky deep dark blue, and the sun shining.

The wind made grand music in the lime-trees; it seemed to be chanting a solemn hosanna, rising at times to a loud, mournful dirge, then dying away to a soft, low whisper.

I overtook Kate as she entered the long avenue of limes. Her shy, sweet face, turned to me with a startled gaze.

"May I walk with you?" I asked; "I am to leave Lynedale to-morrow, and want you to do something for me before I go."

"Leave Lynedale," she cried, her fair face growing white and wistful; "I am so sorry, Mr. Hylton."

"Really!" I cried. "O, Kate, do you really care for my going?"

She tried to run away from me then, but I held her fast, and—well, you know the rest. Dear reader, it was the old story, and I told it in words that moved Kate. At least I succeeded, for there came a time when the little hand ceased to tremble in mine, and the fair, pure face was hidden on my heart.

She loved me. Ah! where was the cold of the winter's day now? Warmth, love and happiness were all around me. Earth was changed into fairy-land.

Shall I ever forget how she laid her hand upon my arm, and, looking at me with a smile, said, "I shall not mind being poor, at all; there are so many things I could do to help you, if you would let me, Paul."

I promised she should help me; then recollecting John, took her back to the library, where he had waited patiently an hour and a half.

"She is willing, John!" I cried. And I do not know which of the three was most pleased.

"We must tell Lady Clara," he exclaimed, suddenly. And then we exchanged a look of comic dismay.

"You had better take the news yourself, Paul," said my old friend. And I agreed with him.

Lady Clara was alone in her own boudoir. Never shall I forget her look of rigid contempt.

"Of course," she said, "if Mr. Fairlie has given his consent, I have nothing to do with the matter. Miss Challis is not under my control. I may, perhaps, be permitted to say I think it a singular arrangement—two persons entirely without fortune. I hope it may end well."

"Miss Challis is a fortune in herself," I remarked; "and I will do the best I can."

Her ladyship bowed, to show the interview was ended.

During dinner the conversation turned upon the new proprietor of Hylton Grange. I could see that Lady Clara was anxious over him, and that Miss Ross was looking forward to his appearance on the scene with keen delight.

I left the next day, and went back to London. There I spent my time in choosing furniture, hangings, pictures, and statues for my new home, sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense, so as to make the casket worthy of the gem it was to contain.

At stated intervals I went down to Lynedale, receiving always the warmest of welcomes from John, finding Kate more and more lovable each time. Lady Clara took very little notice of me, but was intensely interested over the Grange. I heard of wonders of art that arrived daily. Her ladyship had even paid a visit to see the improvements, and was fairly charmed with them.

And the time came when the Grange was ready for its mistress. Then I went to John, and told him I was in a position to marry, if he would give me his niece.

Lady Clara was very cold and contemptuous, saying she should wish the wedding to be as quiet as possible. "Really, for a niece of Mr. Fairlie of Lynedale it was a very strange match."

I sent down a pretty, simple wedding-dress for my darling, and the day came when she was to be my own. I did not tell my aunt until the wedding breakfast was over. No guest had been invited, save the rector and the curate. Lady Clara, Miss Ross, my darling, and her pretty bridesmaid, Alice Howe, Sir John, the two strangers, and myself were the only persons seated at that wedding breakfast.

When John had made his little speech, and I stood up in my turn, I told my secret, and what it had done for me—how it had proved my old friend's truth and sincerity, and had given me the sweetest and noblest wife man was ever blessed with.

No words can describe Lady Clara's face—the rage, the wonder, and the mortification. No words can describe the baffled annoyance of Miss Ross. The great match of the neighborhood actually caught up by the poor, obscure Kate Challis. The wedding of Hylton of Hylton slurred over as a thing to be ashamed of, when it might have covered them with glory.

"I think, Mr. Hylton," said Lady Clara, with a deferential smile, "it would have been better had you appeared in your *true* character."

I assured her ladyship that my little experience had done me a world of good.

She changed so completely—nothing was good enough for me or for Kate. She overwhelmed and sickened me with apologies for slights I never noticed.

I took my fair young wife home, and that home is heaven to us. John comes for three and four days at a time. Her ladyship never recovered from the shock of having mistaken Hylton of Hylton for a pauper. She became more submissive and meek—John could quell her haughtiest moods by simply referring to me. May you, dear reader, be as happy as I am.

An Example for Young Ladies.

Young ladies who insist on going to evening parties when they are afflicted with colds, notwithstanding the insufficiency of their clothing and the inclemency of the weather, should read "A Case in Comparative Pathology," given by a correspondent of the London Lancet, from which they will see that a Chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens, by carefully following the directions of his medical advisers, and exhibiting an amount of common-sense—too often, alas! not to be witnessed in human circles, succeeding in warding off the consequences of an illness which, if neglected, would no doubt have been attended with fatal results. It appears that this animal, who, although barely two years old, is endowed with the intelligence of a monkey of riper years, caught a violent cold and cough during a frosty night in January, attended with loss of appetite, a high pulse, and other feverish symptoms.

At first the monkey wisely restricted its diet, taking only grapes, orange-juice, and a little milk. As, however, the urgent symptoms increased, it was persuaded to take small doses of liquor of acetate of ammonia, with ipecacuanha wine and aromatic spirits of ammonia, every few hours, and also to wear a "linseed-meal jacket poultice" round its chest for an hour or two at a time, three or four times a day, at other times wearing a flannel band and a cloth jacket. Although it derived some relief from this treatment, yet in a day or two it became worse, and was at last reduced to such a state of weakness that it could only lie on its back or one side with its jaws open, as if too exhausted to make any effort at all. Disliking its cough mixture, it was given ipecacuanha wine in its milk; but the exhaustion increasing, a teaspoonful of brandy was substituted for the ipecacuanha wine, and added to its milk each time it took it. For some days it remained in a listless state, merely presenting one of its feet to any acquaintance who visited it, but evidently liking to be attended to and nursed. It is most gratifying to learn that a steady adherence to this treatment of poultices and brandy and milk resulted at the end of a few days in a change for the better; and, although for some time it would take no solid food, except from the keeper's mouth, yet its appetite gradually improved, and in about three weeks, though much thinner and weaker than before its illness, it was in excellent spirits, and is now not only able to climb its ladder, but is "as lively as ever." If this young monkey had insisted on going out in the evening in a low dress, instead of remaining quietly at home in a "linseed-meal jacket poultice," the Zoological Society would probably have had to deplore its loss.

☞ An Iowa editor has a letter from a subscriber, who writes, "I don't want your paper any longer." The editor says this is to be regretted, as he had arranged to make the paper about six inches longer in a few weeks.

☞ A Franklin farmer while ploughing the other day, discovered a number of potato bugs at the bottom of the furrow. They were apparently frozen stiff, but on being exposed to the sun they revived and immediately inquired the way to the nearest potato patch.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELEY FOR PRESIDENT, AND B. GRATZ BROWN FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

The Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati concluded its labors May 3. Horace Greeley, of New York, was nominated for President, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, for Vice President. For President, in addition to Mr. Greeley, the chief candidates were Charles Francis Adams, the Alabama Claims Arbitrator; Senator Trumbull, of Illinois; Gov. Brown, who was nominated for Vice President, and Judge Davis of the Supreme Court. The platform adopted is as follows:—

We, the liberal Republicans of the United States in national convention assembled at Cincinnati, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government:

First. We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government in its dealings with the people to meet out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political.

Second. We pledge ourselves to maintain the Union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution.

Third. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the rebellion, which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification of all sections of the country.

Fourth. Local self-government, with impartial suffrage, will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the State self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limitation of power.

Fifth. The civil service of the Government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of Republican government. We therefore regard a thorough reform of the civil service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity and fidelity constitute the only valid claims to public employment; that the offices of the Government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station become again a post of honor. To this end, it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

Sixth. We demand a system of Federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the Government, economically administered, pensions, the interest of the public debt and a moderate reduction annually of the principal thereof; and recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their congressional districts, and to the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free of Executive interference or dictation.

Seventh. The public credit must be sacredly maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

Eighth. A speedy return to specie payments is demanded, alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

Ninth. We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame or the full rewards of their patriotism.

Tenth. We are opposed to all further grants of lands to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be sacred to actual settlers.

Eleventh. We hold that it is the duty of the Government in its intercourse with foreign nations to cultivate the friendship of peace by treating with all on fair and equal terms, regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right, or to submit to what is wrong.

Twelfth. For the promotion and success of these vital principles, and the support of the candidates nominated by this Convention, we invite, and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens without regard to previous political affiliations.

HORACE WHITE,
Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.
G. P. THURSTON, Secretary.

After the nomination of the candidates and the appointment of a National Committee, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, ETC.

There is quite a strong feeling throughout the South and West in favor of the endorsement by the Democratic party of the Cincinnati nominations.

Dispatches from Richmond, Va., Wilmington, N. C., Louisville, Ky., and other points South, say that Mr Greeley's nomination is well received by the Liberals and Democrats. The Virginia State Journal, an administration paper, regards Greeley as "the most vulnerable man that the Liberals could have nominated."

The Charleston, S. C., News urges the Democrats to endorse the nomination of Horace Greeley. The Syracuse, N. Y., Courier, a Democratic paper, places the names of Greeley and Brown at the head of its columns, "subject to the approval of the Democratic National Convention."

The Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is opposed to the nomination of Greeley by the Democratic Convention, recommending it to choose an independent candidate.

Hon. Benjamin Wood stated at a meeting of the National Democratic Association in New York, that Mr. Greeley had said to him that he would remain in the field, no matter whom the Republican Convention might nominate, but that he might possibly withdraw should the Democratic National Convention make an independent nomination. The Association passed a resolution endorsing Greeley and Brown.

The Westlicher Volblatt, the German organ of Northwestern Missouri, has come out in opposition to Greeley.

The Tennessee Democratic Convention met Thursday, May 9. John C. Brown was re-nominated for Governor. Among the resolutions adopted was one declaring in favor of the adoption of the Cincinnati ticket by the Democrats.

In Mississippi, the Democratic papers approve the Cincinnati nominations, and urge co-operation with the Liberals.

The "Irish Democrat," "Irish People," and "Irish Citizen," of New York, weekly newspapers, will publish articles supporting Mr. Greeley for President.

Senator Trumbull, Chief Justice Chase, Garrett Davis, John D. Defrees and Leslie Coombs have sent congratulatory dispatches to Mr. Greeley on his nomination.

The London papers of May 6, comment upon the nomination of Horace Greeley. The Times says the nomination of Greeley is farcical and his election hopeless. It, however, kills President Grant's chances for re-election, and makes certain the nomination of a candidate by the Democrats. The Post argues that Greeley will be successful if his nomination is endorsed by either of the other conventions yet to be held—but such action the Post thinks impossible.

The Telegraph says the nomination of Mr. Greeley directly concerns England, because he is hostile to the Treaty of Washington and is a bigoted protectionist.

The News praises Greeley, but doubts his fitness for the position of chief magistrate of a great nation.

SKETCH OF THE NOMINEES.

The candidate for the Presidency, Horace Greeley, was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3d, 1811, and until the age of fourteen worked on his father's farm, and attended common school during the winter months. In 1826, having resolved to become a printer, he entered the office of the "Northern Spectator," at Poultney, Vt., and remained working at his trade until that journal was discontinued in 1830, when he returned to work on his father's farm. In 1831, he proceeded to New York and obtained employment as a journeyman printer in various offices of that city. In 1834, Mr. Greeley, in connection with Jonas Winchester, established the "New Yorker," a weekly literary paper, and became its editor. After a struggle for existence, lasting several years, the publication of the "New Yorker" was abandoned. During this period Mr. Greeley issued several political campaign papers, the principal of which were the "Constitution," the "Jeffersonian," and the "Log Cabin." In 1841, he commenced the publication of the "New York Tribune." This journal was established to advocate the abolition of slavery and the general elevation of the human race. It at first encountered great opposition, but through the untiring perseverance and remarkable ability of Mr. Greeley, it, in a few years, secured a large circulation and became a valuable property.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected to fill a vacancy in the Thirtieth Congress, and served through the short session ending March 4th, 1849. In 1851 he visited Europe, and was appointed Chairman of one of the Juries at the World's Fair, held in London. In 1864 he was a Presidential Elector, and in 1866 he was a delegate to the "Loyalists' Convention," held in Philadelphia. In 1867 he was a member of the New York State Constitutional Convention. In May, 1867, at the solicitation of Jefferson Davis, he consented to become one of the sureties on Davis's bail bond. In November, 1867, Mr. Greeley was appointed Minister to Austria, and was confirmed, but he declined the position. Mr. Greeley has always occupied a front rank among American journalists and politicians, and he has during the past few months been one of the most vigorous Republican opponents of President Grant, and advocates of the formation of the Liberal Republican Party.

The candidate for Vice President, Benjamin Gratz Brown, was born in Lexington, Ky., on May 28th, 1826, and graduated at Yale College, Conn., in 1847. He studied law in Louisville, Ky., and commenced the practice of his profession at St. Louis, Mo. He was a member of the Missouri Legislature from 1852 to 1858, and from 1854 to 1860 was editor of the "Missouri Democrat," at St. Louis, having assisted in establishing that journal as the organ of the Anti-slavery party. In 1857, he was prominent in organizing the Republican party of Missouri. In 1861, when the war broke out, he raised and commanded a regiment, which assisted in the capture of Camp Jackson, and subsequently, during an invasion of the state, he commanded a brigade of militia. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1863 to 1867, and in 1869 was elected Governor of Missouri for the term of four years, ending January, 1874.

BURNING OF NIBLO'S THEATRE.

Niblo's Theatre, New York, was, on May 6, completely ruined by fire, which was discovered about eight o'clock in the morning. Owing to the inflammable nature of the scenery and inside arrangements of the house, the flames spread with fearful rapidity, and no exertions of the firemen could save any portion of the building or its contents. All were destroyed. The Metropolitan Hotel being in close contact with the theatre, that handsome structure was damaged, but not to any considerable degree. Heimbold's princely drug store was badly damaged, the roof being burnt and the whole interior deluged and soaked with water. The whole loss is estimated at over $300,000. A. T. Stewart owns the property. The spectacle of "Lalla Rookh" was to have been produced at Niblo's on that evening, and the loss in scenery, dress, and appointments will be heavy.

ITEMS.

The National Democratic Convention has been called to meet in Baltimore on the 9th of July.

The laying of rails for the first street railroad in Salt Lake City has begun.

T. Buchanan Read, the painter and poet, is lying dangerously ill in New York, with pleuro-pneumonia. A dispatch just received, says that his death was "hourly expected."

An infant daughter of Jenny June Croly has been voted by acclamation an honorary member of the Sorosis Club.

In Massachusetts, a majority of the towns and cities have voted in favor of licensing the sale of cider and beer.

The Supreme Court of Ohio have decided that the organization of separate schools for colored children is not in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Governor Hoffman has vetoed the bill providing for an election in New York city on May 31st, on the ground that it is unconstitutional. The Governor has also vetoed the Apportionment bill, on the ground that it disregards the rights of the people, and the directions of the act of Congress under which the apportionment is made. The Senate of New York has passed this bill over the veto.

BASE BALL.

A match game of base ball took place on Saturday, May 4, between the Baltimore club and Mutuals, of New York. The score stood—Mutuals, 11; Baltimore, 9.

At Philadelphia, May 7, the return match between the Athletic and the amateur Olympic took place. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Athletic,	1	1	0	1	3	1	2	2	5	—16
Olympic,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	— 4

At New York, May 7, a game between the new Troy nine (formerly the Haymakers), composed mainly of the old White Stocking players, of Chicago, and the Eckford club, resulted in favor of the former, as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Troy,	8	6	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	—17
Eckfords,	0	1	1	0	3	0	5	1	0	—11

At Baltimore, May 7, the second championship game between the Baltimore club and the Olympics, of Washington, was played. The Olympics were again badly beaten, the score standing 22 to 5 in favor of the Baltimore nine.

At New York, May 7, the Boston Red Stockings defeated the Atlantics, by a score of 23 to 3.

At New York, May 9, the Boston Red Stockings defeated the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, by a score of 20 to 0.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE CARLIST INSURRECTION.

The reports from Spain are of a very conflicting nature. A battle was fought on the 5th of May, in which it was asserted the Carlists were completely defeated, 630 taken prisoners, and Don Carlos himself captured. The total loss on both sides was scarcely larger than that following the winding up of a Donnybrook fair. The next day, however, Don Carlos writes to the Duchess of Madrid that the prospects are excellent, and he could announce good news, but refrains from prudential reasons. His friends in Paris also say that the battle was not at all decisive, and that the insurrectionary forces are masters of all of Biscay, and number 7000 or 8000 men.

It is believed, however, that the revolution is almost over. The people do not like Amadeus and the treacherous manner he was forced upon the throne, but they have as little care for the old Bourbon dynasty, and will not help Don Carlos much. A dispatch from Madrid, dated May 9, says that thirty-five hundred insurgents in the province of Navarre have come in and surrendered to the loyal forces. The news from all the other points where there are bands of Carlists is favorable for the speedy restoration of the authority of the Government.

Marshal Serrano shoots all the insurrectionists he captures who deserted from the Spanish army to the cause of Don Carlos, and spares the lives of all other prisoners.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Echo, of May 8, contains a critical article upon the performances of the Atlanta boat crew of New York who practice daily on the Thames. The writer says "their performances are exceedingly good, their action fine, and time and feathering simply perfect. They are nevertheless, somewhat deficient in dash and power, and betray a disposition to hang at the finish of the stroke and do not pick out their blades cleanly and promptly. Practice will, however, rectify these faults. The London boatmen all regard the New Yorkers as a fine, able crew, whose appearance on the river is very showy and elicits the admiration of the spectators. A great struggle is certain on the 10th of June."

The uncertain aspect of the American Presidential question has had a marked influence upon United States Government bonds, and the market for those securities has become flat.

The dock laborers have joined the sailors in Southampton in the strike, which causes great inconvenience. The strikers gather in large crowds and make noisy demonstrations. A detachment of metropolitan police has been dispatched from London to Southampton to assist the authorities in preserving order.

A telegram from Bombay to London, brings intelligence of the most disastrous floods in the southern part of British India. The town of Vellore, in the Presidency of Madras, has suffered terribly, and many of the inhabitants have been drowned. The number of lives lost is given at one thousand. Fifteen thousand inhabitants of the town have lost everything they possessed, the water having washed away their houses and left them in a perfectly destitute condition.

ITEMS.

Prince Bismarck has retired to his estates, and follows the advice of his physician by abstaining from all public business.

A serious outbreak occurred last week in Kharkof, a large market town in Southern Russia, caused by the interference of the police with the Easter festivities. Fire engines were brought to throw water on the people, who attacked the police. Order was only restored after the loss of many lives.

Marshal Bazaine is to be tried by court-martial at Versailles in a few days. The trial is expected to be a lengthy one. Twelve hundred witnesses are to be summoned, and the distinguished advocate, M. Lachand, will defend the marshal.

Once proud of the glitter of the uniforms of their army officers, the French are now congratulating themselves on the plainness of the regulation apparel of the leaders of their troops. It is a ripped of all the gleaming insignia which once distinguished it; no gold nor silver lace, no braiding; in short, nothing to render the wearer more conspicuous at a distance than the men whose movements he directs. In this reform, the French might be profitably imitated by other nations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

CORAL AND CORAL ISLANDS. By JAMES D. DANA, LL. D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, author of Reports in Connection with the Wilkes U. S. Exploring Expedition on Geology, Zoophytes and Crustacea; of a System of Mineralogy, Manual of Geology, etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Alfred Martien, 1214 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The name of Dana is well known in the records of science, particularly in connection with Mineralogy and Geology; and all who have in their school days read his almost unequalled manuals upon these two branches, and appreciated the high intelligence and great information of the author, will be delighted to get hold of this later work of his upon an equally attractive study, Coral and the Coral Islands. The book is large, bound in the very finest style, and filled with engravings, many of them from drawings by the author.

THE DEER SLAYER; OR, THE FIRST WAR-PATH. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This book is issued in the same style as "The Last of the Mohicans," which we noticed some time since. Persons wanting a cheap but good edition of Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales to read, will be satisfied, we think, if they purchase these volumes as they appear. Price 75 cents each.

OUR DIGESTION; OR, MY JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET. By DIO LEWIS, A. M., M. D., President of the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," author of "New Gymnastics for Men, Women and Children," "Weak Lungs, and How to Make Them Strong," etc., etc. Published by Geo. MacLean, 733 Sansom street, Philadelphia. Dio Lewis is well known as a physician who believes almost entirely in the cure of disease by hygienic precautions, and the use of remedies which common sense naturally suggests, in place of the methods customarily practiced in the regular profession. His views upon many subjects are sound and good, and he does not hesitate to state them with a directness and freedom which may force heedless people to see their follies, when less pointed talk could not. Once in a while, we think, he is a little too rigid in his directions for hygienic living, but the general thought of the book is very sensible.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May. This number contains, among other articles, "Jefferson in the Service of Revolutionary Virginia," by James Parton; "Who Won the Pretty Widow," "New York Dogs," "The Story of Some Bells," by Grace Greenwood; "Concepcion de Arguello," by Bret Harte; "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Recent Literature, Art, Music, Science, Politics," etc., etc. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, Our Boys and Girls, for May, contains "Sea and Shore," "Sally Williams, the Mountain Girl," "The Whispering Pine," etc., etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

☞ A young lady was looking at a picture representing a pair of lovers in a boat, with the lover gently enfolding the waist of his dulcinea, when she innocently remarked, "How natural!"

☞ A curious fact in regard to creeping and twining plants is, that they will be attracted by certain species of climbers growing near them, and repelled by others. It has been observed in the tropical forests that the climbing vines seem to prefer certain kinds of trees, and go far out of their way to reach them, at the same time avoiding other trees much nearer, and apparently more convenient.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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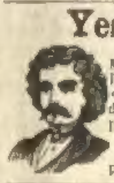
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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE PATENT CAT WORKS.

AN AMUSING ARTICLE.

From the Cleveland Leader.

It will be remembered that some time since we noticed reportorially an invention of a young man residing in this city, which was termed the "Patent Sheet Iron Cat," and was designed especially for the destruction of the common feline serenaders which infest all settled communities and render life a bore, if not at times a positive torment. Little did the inventor of the "Patent Cat" think, as he fastened the last rivet in the tail of his remarkable conception, that he was conferring a benefit upon mankind of equal importance with those of the inventors of the Velocipede, the Dolly Varden, or the Potato Bug Pulverizer. But such was the case, and the favorable manner in which the press of the country (who are slow to praise and quick to condemn fraud and worthless inventions) united in favorable notices of the "Patent Cat," proves that the latter has filled a vacancy in the Patent Office reports that has long remained unfilled.

From Boston to San Francisco come complimentary allusions to this invention, and scarcely a day passes but that the inventor does not receive letters of inquiry from men of note, from invalids and nervous people, from capitalists and others, all seeking more detailed information concerning the mechanical wonder, and asking for samples, and territorial, state, or county rights to manufacture and sell the same.

We are requested by the patentee to state that owing to the rise in sheet iron, and the strike among the miners, he has not been able so far to supply the home demand for the "Iron Cat," and has utterly refused to export any quantity until after the close of the present year. Arrangements have been made with one of our largest manufacturing establishments, by which one hundred cats per day can be turned out after the first of May, and if there is no marked decrease in the number of "Toms" and "Tabbies" at the end of six months, the capacity of the works will be doubled, as a stock company his been formed, known as The American Cat and Anti-fiddle-string Company of Cleveland.

Only three hundred of the "Patent Cats" have been sold up to the present date, but in no case have they failed to give complete satisfaction. We subjoin a few notices of the press and testimonials:—

"We have been using for a week past a recent invention of a Cleveland mechanic, which is nothing more than a sheet iron cat, with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. It is worked by clock work. A bellows inside swells the tail at will to a belligerent size, and a tremolo attachment causes, at the same time, the patent cat to emit all the noises of which the human cat is capable. When you want fun you wind up your cat, and place him on the roof. Every cat within a half a mile hears him, girds on his armor and sallies forth. Frequently fifty or one hundred attack him at once. No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight of an assault, than his teeth and claws work with lightning rapidity. Adversaries within six feet of him are torn to shreds. Fresh battalions come on to meet a similar fate, and in an hour several bushels of hair, toe nails and fiddle strings alone remain."—*Baltimore Sun.*

"No first-class printing office with a roof flat enough to afford a battle-ground for infuriated felines, should be without one.

"T. TILTON."

"It has saved more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of boot-jacks in this city alone, and a mince pie or can of preserves goes further in my family now than it did before the war.

"J. M., Mayor of Chicago."

"How any family can do without one any more than a 'Dolly Varden,' is a wonder to me. E. CADY STANTON."

"Send me five hundred (500) at once, C. O. D., with extra bellows and powerful tone, to participate in the Jubilee.

"P. GILMORE."

"The roof of our office was covered with cats four ranks deep until we placed two of the 'Iron Thomas Cats' in position. Not a cat has been seen since, and we have sold Bologna sausage meat enough to purchase three fonts of job type. Every young man should go west and take a few of these cats with him.

"H. G., in Tribune Editorial."

We might extend these testimonials, but it is useless. The manufacture of cats will soon be one of the most valuable additions to the business interests of our growing city. In the meanwhile, strangers passing through Cleveland and all who are interested in the extermination of the cat tribe are invited to examine into the merits of this great discovery.

TOO MUCH FOR THE COLONEL.

When Colonel Henry Wilson was in Boston, raising a regiment, a little fellow one day presented himself at headquarters and asked for a commission.

"Have you seen service?" asked Colonel W.

"Yes, Colonel, I was in the three months' service."

"Were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was, Colonel."

Colonel Wilson has a delicate vein of humor in him; so, winking at his staff, he asked—

"And did you run well?"

"I used due diligence, Colonel. I did the best I could, but I couldn't keep up with you, in that back."

Then there was another laugh.

At a religious meeting a lady persevered in standing on a bench, and thus intercepting the view of others, though she was repeatedly requested to sit down. A reverend old gentleman at last rose and said, gravely, "I think if the lady knew that she had a large hole in each of her stockings, she would not exhibit them in this way." This had the desired effect—she immediately sank down on her seat. A young minister standing by blushed to the temples and said—"Oh, brother, how could you say what was not the fact?" "Not the fact?" replied the old gentleman: "if she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I would like to know how she gets them on."

A HARTFORD gentleman recently counted the sonorous tones of the great fire-bell, just after dark, and finding the signal located the flames near his store, he slung on his overcoat and hastened to the scene of action. Soon he returned with a smiling countenance, and said that he might have known the fire was not in his store before he started, because he had the key in his pocket!

A LITTLE boy accosted his political papa thus—

"Papa, are you growing still?"

"No, dear—what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

The poor politician is getting bald.

THE last invention is a scarecrow. Not only does it frighten away crows, but crows are so alarmed that they usually bring back any corn they may have stolen prior to the establishment of the said scarecrow.

☞ Why, my little boy, did that hulking big fellow hit you on purpose?"

"No, sir, he hit me on the head."

DEMON DAN.

"This is a terrible country, certainly."

The night was already dark as Erebus, though the sun had set scarcely an hour. Overhead shrieked a wild, furious storm which had stalked across the heavens, frowning darkly in the early twilight—one of those sudden tempests common in the mountainous countries. The sombre pine trees howled dismally in the teeth of the wind, and the rain came down in torrents.

John Hammond strained his eyes, vainly seeking to penetrate the intense darkness.

"Confound it?" he muttered, as he struck his foot against a projecting rock, that sent him sprawling along the uneven ground. "I might as well begin crawling on my hands and feet first as last for it's sure to come to that."

Three miles below the coach in which he was passenger had halted at a little hamlet, for the purpose of making some necessary repairs that would not occupy above an hour. John Hammond had preferred to jog along on foot rather than wait at the lonesome-looking village, and here you have the result. The tempest had suddenly arisen, he had lost his way, and was now groping through the almost tangible blackness of the night—wet, chilled, miserable, and uncertain which way to turn.

"There is one consolation, at least," he thought, pausing a moment to listen to the shrieking of the wind among the tree-tops. "I can get out of this in the morning; and my Jehu is not likely to leave me behind, for he probably saw this storm coming before the coach was put to rights, and will not start from the village before day-dawn."

He stumbled on a few steps further, debating with himself whether it would not be wisdom to seek the shelter of some overhanging rock, and there remain until morning, when of a sudden the sluggish roar of a river fell on his ear, not so very far away.

"This must be the stream I noticed a little to the left of the village," he said to himself. "By following along its bank I am sure either to fall in with some habitation or be led back to the spot from whence I started. I'd better push ahead."

And so he did, stumbling over rocks and tangled tree-roots, and finding himself brought to a sudden stand-still in thickets of brambles and wild briars every now and then. Presently, when he had almost gained the river bank, and his courage was nearly gone, a sudden gleam of light flashed across his path.

"The saints be praised!" he cried out, joyfully. "There is some hope of shelter from this confounded storm, after all."

He rushed forward some half a dozen yards, and then made a discovery which startled him. The light he had seen issued from a cave among the rocks, instead of from the window of some cottage, as he had imagined! Above roared the storm, its fury somewhat abated. Below ran the river, black and sluggish, for he could hear the monotonous wash, wash of its waves on the shore.

Should he seek shelter within the cave? Some very shocking stories were told concerning this very section of the country—that it was infested with desperadoes and lawless men of every description. How was he to tell that he had not stumbled upon one of their secret retreats?

Moving more cautiously now, he stole to the mouth of the cave and peeped within. What he saw was a chamber in the rock, about fifty feet square, furnished with a deal table, half a dozen stools and a bed of dried leaves and deerskins. On a natural hearth, at the further end smouldered a fire that illuminated the cave. At the left of the fire was a huge pile of brushwood evidently intended for fuel.

Much to Hammond's surprise, the cave was empty.

"Any port in a storm, they say!" he muttered, as he stood watching and listening. "It may cost me dear, but I'll go in."

Suiting the action to the word, he crawled through the opening and approached the fire, shaking the water from his dripping garments as he went.

"This is comfortable," and he held his benumbed fingers to the genial blaze. "Only I hope my lord of the castle will not return too soon, and so surprise me here."

He put on more fuel, and stood for at least fifteen minutes drying his steaming garments before the fire. At last, feeling refreshed and invigorated, he crossed to the mouth of the cave, and peered out once more into the murky night.

The storm was almost over. The wind had nearly died away. A few drops of rain were still falling, but there were great rifts of light in the western heavens.

While John Hammond still stood there, he heard the sudden dip of oars on the river below, and the next instant the low murmur of voices reached his ear.

"Old Bluebeard is really coming back," the young man muttered, with a whimsical shrug of the shoulders. "What shall I do? Hide, while I see what manner of man the old sinner is? By Jove! it wouldn't be a bad idea, for I can't think of leaving my comfortable quarters, unless compelled so to do."

Turning back, his eyes fell on the pile of brushwood near the fire. There was just room enough between it and the wall for him to lie stretched out on the ground. Without a moment's hesitation, he crawled into this very odd place of concealment.

Here there was little or no risk of being seen, though the whole interior of the cavern was visible to himself.

After the lapse of a few minutes, footsteps came up the cliff, outside. Three men wearing masks, entered the cave, dragging the shrinking figure of a young and beautiful girl between them.

Mr. Hammond came near betraying himself in his utter suprise and consternation.

"If there's mischief afoot," he muttered, as he shook his fist at the foremost of the masked figures, "count me in the scrape—will you?"

But he lay very quiet, listening and watching. The girl was dragged to the fire, and a stool placed for her close to the brushwood, behind which Hammond lay concealed. He saw her dart a quick, apprehensive glance around her, and then drop her head on her breast, her whole attitude betraying the deepest dejection. The brawniest of the masked men approached her.

"How do you like your quarters, my beauty?" he asked. At these words she raised her eyes, with a startled expression in their lustrous depths.

"Who speaks?" said she, faintly. "Surely I know that voice."

The man laughed.

"Anyhow, this is the first time you've heard it to-night. Bill and Steve," pointing to the confederates, "have done all the talking up to the present time. I wanted to surprise you, you know."

The cool triumph of his tone was something wonderful.

The girl clasped her hands.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Behold!"

He tore off his mask, revealing a dark, sinister face, lighted up by a pair of intensely black eyes. A cruel, sensual face it was, from which nothing very good could be expected.

The girl trembled and grew ashy white as she gazed upon it.

"Dan Grimshaw!" she faltered.

"You know me—eh? I thought you would. Isn't the surprise an agreeable one, Bertha Peyton?"

He laughed in her face, this insolent villain.

The girl gave him a haughty glance.

"How long do you intend to detain me here?" she asked.

"How is Mrs. Tomkins?" "Mrs. Montgomery Tomkins is as well as can be expected, ma'am."
"And the little boy?" "The little *boy*, ma'am!"
"Well, the little girl, then!" "The little *girl*, ma'am!"
"Yes—one or the other, I suppose!" "The *doctor* said as a *heir* 'ad arrived, ma'am!"

"How long? Until your hair grows gray, perhaps."

Her lip quivered, just the least bit, at this answer.

"Then I have nothing to expect from your mercy?"

"Nothing."

There was a brief silence.

Presently she looked up at him again.

"Why have you brought me here?"

"Bah! Don't you know! Because I love you, lass," and he actually chucked her under the chin with one of his great coarse fingers.

She shrank away from him, moaning and trembling.

"I've loved you ever since the day of the picnic at Brixton, two months ago," he went on. "You were there; and I was there, terribly smitten with your pretty face, if the truth must be told. Well, I introduced myself to you, and followed you round pretty closely. But you were frightened at me, and wouldn't have anything to say to me. I couldn't stand that, and so I blurted out my sudden passion then and there."

"Yes, yes."

"And when you repulsed me, I vowed to make you mine sooner or later, in spite of everything."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I've bided my time pretty patiently. I couldn't get you by fair means, and was compelled to adopt foul. You were standing alone on the bridge, just below your father's house, when the sun went down to-night—I was watching near by, as I had been for hours. I stole up behind you, with Bill here to help me, and in two minutes you were in the boat with us, and dashing down the river."

The girl called Bertha writhed uneasily.

"You must be very depraved," she said, with sudden boldness, "to wage war against a defenceless woman."

"Ay," nodded the man, maliciously. "Not to put too fine a point on it, I'm an outcast, a robber, a what-you-will! Pity you didn't know it the day of the pic-nic, or you might have had me taken care of, for I was there to lighten purses and pick up superfluous articles. Shall I tell you what the people about here call me?"

"Yes."

"Demon Dan!"

Bertha uttered an involuntary cry.

Even Hammond, who had quietly listened to this conversation, was not a little startled. Though comparatively a stranger in this section of the country, even he had heard Demon Dan spoken of as one of the most daring, most inhuman, and most God-forsaken wretches who infested all that region. And this helpless girl—this Bertha Peyton, was in the power of such a man!

Hammond silently thanked God for the feeling that had prompted him to secrete himself on the approach of these men.

"I was guided hither to be of use to that suffering angel," he thought, "and I'll never desert her while there is life left in me."

He looked beyond Demon Dan, at the two ruffians called Bill and Steve. They had removed their masks, and were crouching before the fire. Hammond thought he had never beheld more villainous-looking faces than were theirs.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "How shall I succor that poor girl?"

Even while this thought was passing in his mind, Demon Dan spoke again.

"You were hardly prepared for a brace of surprises, my saintly Bertha. But here you have them. The Dan Grimshaw who fell in love with your pretty face at the pic-nic was none other than Demon Dan; at your service," making a mocking bow. "You did not suspect that, now, did you, my dear?"

"No," she answered, sharply.

"Never mind. All disguises are now torn away. We understand each other. You are here at my mercy—either my wife or my prisoner. Which shall it be?"

She looked at him, ghastly pale, but her voice was firm.

"Your prisoner."

"Ah, ha!" he sneered. "I shall not give you the liberty of choice, after all. Why should I, since you are mine and can't help yourself? Look around you. This is your home for the future—our bridal-chamber! Once again how do you like it?"

She covered her face, moaning with irrepressible anguish. Her very heart seemed to lie dead within her bosom.

After a little, Demon Dan left her, and approached his confederates. The three ruffians put their heads together around the fire, and began a whispering conversation, of which the girl was evidently the subject, for they cast frequent glances in her direction.

She sat so near that Hammond could have touched her dress from his hiding-place. Her terror and grief were more than he could bear. How should he let her know that a friend was near—a friend who was ready to spill his last drop of blood in her defence!

At last he raised himself on his knee.

"Bertha!" he whispered, cautiously.

She did not stir.

"Bertha!" he whispered, in a louder tone.

This time she looked up with a start. A sudden flush came into her pale cheeks. She turned.

Before Hammond could repeat the whisper, Demon Dan got up and came toward her.

"What is it?" said he. "Did you speak to me, my dear?"

"No," she answered, readily. "I was talking to myself."

Demon Dan went back to his confederates again.

Hammond durst not stir for some moments afterward. But he knew the girl must have heard his whisper. Her ready presence of mind pleased him. Now she sat with her back toward the brushwood, in the old listless attitude. Hammond knew by the slight bend of her head that she was waiting for him to speak again, however.

But that would be running too great a risk, for his voice had evidently reached Demon Dan on the second occasion. He lay very still, trying to decide on some course of action. At last he took from his pocket an old letter, and drawing a little nearer the fire, wrote on the envelope, in pencil, these words:

"The first opportunity that presents, run out of the cave and seek the boat in which you were brought thither. I will follow you, if possible. I am your friend, and a foe to these ruffians."

Some time elapsed before he could give this note to the girl without risking detection. At last she pushed her stool somewhat nearer, and dropped one hand by her side.

Hammond laid the note in this hand.

She shrank from the touch, as if in doubt what to do; but her fingers eventually closed over it. Even then, she could not read it directly, so close a surveillance was kept upon her. But at last she found an opportunity to peruse it.

Her lovely face instantly lighted up with hope and courage. She gave a slight nod, still without turning, to let Hammond know that she comprehended his wishes. She seemed tempted to say something; but Demon Dan came back too soon, establishing himself beside her.

He remained a long while, talking after his insolently triumphant fashion.

Bertha became restless and anxious, presently. Her answers to his speeches were of the shortest.

Finally, she removed one of the rings from her fingers, as if to toy with it, and let it drop on the floor of the cave. It rolled toward the fire.

"Ah, my ring!" she cried out. "Pick it up! Quick, don't let it be burned!"

Demon Dan stooped for the ring.

Casting an apprehensive glance toward the corner where the men Steve and Bill crouched, Bertha gave the ruffian a sudden push that sent him sprawling, and flew toward the mouth of the cave.

Hammond's eyes had not once left her during the last half hour. He was prepared for this sudden movement on her part. Some time previously he had drawn his pistols from their waterproof covering, and noiselessly cocked one of them.

The instant the girl turned to fly, he sprang up from his hiding-place, took deliberate aim at the man Steve, who happened to be nearest, and pulled the trigger. Without waiting to learn the result of the shot, and while the cave was still echoing with the report, he ran after the desperate girl.

Outside all was balmy and still. The clouds had cleared, and the moon was pushing her way slowly over the line of hills that rimmed the eastern heaven. Behind him Hammond could see the solemn pine wood through which he had groped his way; below ran the river, clearly outlined in the silvery moonbeams.

Bertha's flying figure was just beyond him. Hammond gained her side, caught her hand in his, and they fled onward together.

"To the boat!" he whispered.

They were too late. Shouts broke the stillness behind them, and they heard the sounds of pursuit. The boat swung at anchor just at their feet, but there was not time to push it from the shore. Their pursuers were almost upon them.

Hammond did not despair.

"Will you trust yourself utterly to me?" he asked of the girl, suddenly.

She clung closely to him.

"Utterly," she answered.

At that he lifted her up in his arm, and leaped into the water. It was only waist-deep just at that point. The bank was pretty thickly lined with bushes, and one or two trees spread their branches low over the water.

Hammond had his eye on one of these latter. Half-wading, half-swimming, he presently reached it with his precious burden—crawling into the deep shadow, and catching hold of one of the low-bending boughs.

But not an instant too soon. Demon Dan appeared on the bank, with the ruffian Bill close at his heels. They could not see the fugitives, but they looked first of all to see if the boat was in its place.

"You are sure they came this way, Bill?" said Demon Dan, with a howl of rage.

"Yes."

"Who was that man, and how came he to be lurking in the brushwood?"

"How can I tell? He gave Steve his 'never-get-over,' that's certain."

"Perdition!"

Demon Dan turned with a roar, and began to beat the bushes close at hand. He seemed wholly at a loss which way to turn. Presently he began to work his way down the stream, while Bill went in the opposite direction. He—Dan—even leaned an instant over the trunk of the very tree in the shadow of which the fugitives were lurking, and peered keenly up among its branches. But he finally passed on.

Hammond drew a long breath of relief.

"A narrow escape," he muttered.

"Yes," said Bertha, shuddering.

They waited until the sound of Demon Dan's footsteps died away in the distance. Then they crawled cautiously from their place of concealment, and once again sought the boat.

Hammond pulled in the anchor, hand over hand, swiftly and noiselessly.

"The rogues were foolish to leave the boat unguarded," he said. "But they think we have followed along the bank of the river."

In another instant they were pushing toward the middle of the stream.

Bertha took one of the oars in her own fair hand.

"I'm used to rowing," she said. "I can help you, and I will."

They were in the current now, and drifted almost noiselessly. The oars dipped in and out the water with scarcely a sound.

At last Bertha lifted her expressive eyes to her companion's face—

"How shall I ever repay you for all you have risked for me, Mr. Hammond?" said she.

"It is a pleasure to serve you Miss Peyton. But," and he stared at her, "how did you learn my name?"

"It was on the envelope you gave me in the cave."

"Ah, I had forgotten."

"I had half a mind to be frightened when you whispered my name," she went on. "The sound seemed to come from the solid rock. But I conquered my superstitious fears, and soon felt convinced that a friend was near at hand."

"You are a brave girl."

"Not so very brave," she declared. "I was nearly dead with fright and anxiety when Demon Dan first brought me to the cave."

There was a brief silence. She broke it by asking how Hammond had chanced to be on the spot so opportunely.

He told her.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a loud shout sounded from the shore of a sudden, and they saw a man plunge into the river at a point a few rods ahead of them.

"It is Demon Dan!" cried Hammond. "He is swimming toward us! He intends to intercept us."

Up to this moment Bertha had been standing up in the boat, and on the side nearest the shore they had left. Now she crouched in the bottom, nervously wringing her hands.

"Don't attempt to pass him," she urged. "Steer for the other bank. Once there, we can find plenty of hiding-places."

Hammond made a few lusty strokes that almost lifted the boat from the water. Behind him, he could hear Demon Dan, puffing and blowing. The villain was proving himself a most admirable swimmer.

"I wonder he did not fire upon us from the shore," said the young man, as he pulled briskly toward the shelter of a cove not many yards distant.

Bertha answed nothing.

Hammond turned and looked at her presently.

"Ah," he cried, suddenly, "I begin to comprehend why Demon Dan reserved his fire. You were careful to keep between me and the shore where he was lurking, and thus to screen me!"

"The villain pretends to love me," she answered, simply. "He would not have run the risk of killing me, you know."

Hammond's fine face glowed with admiration.

"You are a heroine!" he exclaimed.

At this instant a shrill cry sounded over the water. The voice was Demon Dan's.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

Hammond rested on his oars, and looked back. He saw the man's dark figure writhing in mid-stream. He saw him throw up his arms suddenly, and the water close over him.

"Shall we turn back!" he asked. "I am not sure whether it is a ruse or not. But the villain seems to be in real distress of some sort."

Bertha looked back, shuddering.

"Yes," she answered. "He has disappeared. I fear he is drowning. We cannot leave even an enemy to perish before our very eyes."

Hammond bent to his oars.

Bertha again took her place beside him.

The boat seemed to fly through the water, propelled by their united efforts. Very soon they had reached the spot where Demon Dan was seen to go down.

Not a trace of the guilty wretch could be discovered. An awful stillness brooded over the river. The silent stars looked down from the purple arch above, and the pale moonbeams silvered the rippling waves. But neither stars, nor moon, nor river, told the story of the crime-stained wretch who had cried out in mortal agony.

Hammond rowed about the spot for more than half an hour, but all in vain.

"I'm afraid that Demon Dan has gone to settle his last account," he said, finally. "The cramp must have caught him. Poor wretch!"

He gave up the quest, and let the boat drift with the current once more, while he sat silent and thoughtful.

Bertha reclined in the prow, thinking over the strange events of that strangest of all strange nights.

On and on they drifted. Just at daydawn they moored the boat opposite the little village from which Hammond had set out on foot scarcely twelve brief hours before. They were safe and among friends at last.

During the day a party went out to explore the cave which had been Demon Dan's retreat. They found little or nothing. Bill had fled, and a little pool of blood in one corner was the only vestige left of Steve. Perhaps he had not been seriously hurt; or, it may be, he had died, and been buried by his comrade. We cannot tell what was his fate.

Two or three days later a swollen and discolored corpse was washed ashore near the village. It was the dead body of Demon Dan!

And how about John Hammond and Bertha Peyton? Of course the young man restored the girl to her parents; and of course an acquaintance so romantically begun could end in only one way—marriage! May God bless the brave heart which won the fair lady!

Answers to Correspondents.

W. P. (Dalton, Ga.,) asks: "1st. What would a tour through Europe cost one that is not extravagant? 2d. Is there any book published by which anyone can learn the art of dancing without a master? If so, please give me the name, and inform me where I can purchase it. 3d. do you know of anything to make the hands white? 4th. Where is Miss Nilsson now? 5th. Who is Governor of France now? 6th. Do you think it is proper for a lady and gentleman to exchange photographs, and would it be improper for a gentleman to ask a lady to exchange? 7th. What do you think of my writing, and do you think I could get a place as bookkeeper in Philadelphia?" You can make a three months tour for about seven hundred dollars if not extravagant, visiting the British Islands, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. For about two hundred dollars more you could stay a month or two longer, and much lengthen your tour. There are several works on dancing. We may mention "The Art of Dancing," by E. Ferrero. You can learn the principles of the art from books. To whiten the hands use mild, emollient soaps, or soaps abounding in oils. The use of a little chloride of lime and warm water will impart a delicate whiteness to the skin. It must be used only occasionally, and the hands well washed afterward to remove the odor. Miss Nilsson sailed from New York for Europe on May 1. Louis Adolphe Thiers is the present head of the French nation. It is not improper to request an exchange of photographs, if sufficiently well acquainted. Your handwriting is not good, and you would have little chance to get such a position in this city.

L. A. (Pike County) writes: "1st. I wish to ask advice through your columns, I have been acquainted with a certain young man for nearly three years, and he has been paying me devoted attention for nearly that period of time. I love him dearly and always thought he loved me in return, until about two months ago, when he wrote me a letter stating that he had taken another young lady to an oyster supper, and that if I wished the company of other young men I was at liberty. That was more than I could stand. It aroused all the jealousy in my nature, and I of course said things I ought not, and was sorry for it afterward, but too proud to acknowledge it to him. He has one fault that I can never tolerate in a husband, that is, intemperance. He says he can and will quit, but the question is can I take his promise, and trust my future happiness to a man who drinks? We have had our troubles during these three years. I have asked him three times for my letters. Then we would talk it over and our good qualities always prevailed, and I believe I loved him better every time until now, and he has told me the same more than once, yet I cannot bear the idea of giving him up. Please inform me how I must do to gain his love and retain it. Also your advice how to reform him, or do you think I can ever do that? 2d. Is there anything wrong in a young lady writing two letters to her lover's one occasionally? 3d. Is it wrong for a young lady to permit her lover to caress her before their engagement? How do I write, correctly or not? This is my first attempt." You appear to have a full sense of the danger of marrying an intemperate man, and must know that it is running a great risk to marry such a person with the object of reforming him. If he does not respect your wishes as a lover sufficiently to desist from his bad habits, he will not be very apt to as a husband. Promises to reform are not sufficient, as nothing is more easily broken than a promise. As to your writing two letters to his one there is nothing particularly wrong in that. It only shows that you are fonder of writing than he is. Caresses before an engagement, are not generally considered advisable. "Familiarity breeds contempt," you know. Your writing needs improvement, as also your spelling, and we should advise you and all our friends to, in writing to the press, to use a clear black ink. Your letter is scarcely legible.

J. D. J. asks: "How is Ye Semite pronounced?" Ye Sem-i-te, with the accent on the first syllable of Semite.

I. HENRY S. (Centre Co., Pa.) says: "Please inform me what is the address of the firm of Henry Disston & Son, manufacturers of all kinds of saws, in your city. The number and street is what I want." The address is No. 67 Laurel street.

TEACHER (Bryan, O.) writes: "The Professor of a High School here says that the plural of Tailor's Goose is *Geese*. I say it is *Geese*. Please inform me which is the correct plural." The Professor evidently thinks that as long as the word is changed from its legitimate uses, it should form its plural in the regular modes. He is wrong, however. So long as common usage has not supplied the word with a new plural, there is no authority for deviating from the old one. Refer him either to Webster or Worcester, if he wishes authority.

JUPP ELAN (Ithaca, N. Y.,) writes: "I wish to enroll myself one of your persecutors by asking a few questions. 1st. Has there been money stolen from the Boston Post-office belonging to ——? If so, how much—and has it been paid back? 2d. Do you know whether Bates's appliances for Stammering will cure that habit? 3d. What is the chemical composition of Sal Soda, commonly used for washing?" In regard to your first and second questions, we do not know. Sal Soda is the monocarbonate of soda, composed of one equivalent of Carbonic Acid and one of Soda.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Was Handel aware of the pleasure his music created?
2. This must be a credulous age, or giants of the Cardiff species would not flourish.
3. It is bad for people to be ill in noisy neighborhoods.
4. The India natives are again becoming rebellious.
5. She was the lovely virgin I always loved.
6. If you become cold in the night and awaken, tuck your bed-clothes well about you.
7. The aboriginal name for water is *minne*, so tales of Indian life inform us.
8. The cream is sour, I think.
9. Let Emma in every time she comes.
10. At the battle of Shiloh, I own the troops fought bravely.
11. Io was a beautiful goddess.
12. Where ever Montgomery's name is known, his memory is revered.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 3, 46, 57, 4, 56, 21, is the name of a village.
My 13, 34, 42, 8, 2, was a son of Midian.
My 26, 14, 37, 53, 28, 23, is the name of a wood.
My 31, 11, 18, 5, 48, 42, was the wife of Ekanah.
My 12, 38, 6, 58, 19, 7, is the name of an island.
My 15, 10, 1, 17, 9, was the son of Jonas.
My 29, 32, 51, 41, is a moveable lodging.
My 38, 40, 4, 60, is a portion of time.
My 16, 35, 20, 22, 59, 45, is a mark used in writing.
My 30, 27, 39, 43, is the name of a sea-port.
My 52, 44, 49, 56, 55, was a noted evangelist.
My 24, 52, 42, 25, 50, 54, 16, was the son of Kenas.
My 35, 47, 56, was the son of Peleg.
My whole is a verse in Proverbs.

KATE.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Now before you.
2. An ancient emperor.
3. Counterfeit.
4. A book.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 12, 3, 9, 5, is the name of a sweet edible substance.
My 13, 2, 8, is an instrument useful to the fisherman.
My 6, 7, 4, 8, signifies brisk, smart, sassy.
My 10, 12, 11, 2, is the name of a fragrant flower.
My whole is the name of one of the editors of a highly esteemed and interesting family paper.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The north and south sides of a trapezoid are parallel, the west side is a meridian, and the diagonals intersect at right angles. The distance from the point of intersection to the southeast corner is 384 rods, and the north side is 270 rods. Required—the remaining sides of the trapezoid, its diagonals, and its area.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hilldale, Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a certain circle and the solidity of a certain sphere are both expressed by the same numbers. The diameter of the circle is twice that of the sphere. Required—the diameter of the sphere, in inches.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

☞ An Answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the rising sun like a chicken in a potato patch? Because it peeps among the hills.

☞ Why is a citizen of Pittsburgh delighted with the city? Because it suits (soots) him.

☞ What kind of a bat flies without wings? A brickbat.

☞ On what material should a spiritualist journal be printed? Wrapping-paper.

☞ Whose good works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's, because a good pair of shoes lasts longer than a poor one.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED CAPES.—

1. Land's End.	9. Clear.
2. Northeast.	10. Palmas.
3. St. Antonio.	11. Sable.
4. Comorin.	12. Horn.
5. Farewell.	13. Verd.
6. Palmo.	14. Race.
7. East.	15. Romans.
8. Fear.	16. May.

CHARADE.—Warden. (War-den.)
CHARADE.—Selkirk. (Sell-kirk.)
WORD SQUARE.—

B A T
A P E
T E A